

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York. (Copyright © 1 October 25, 1858.)

No. 152—VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1858.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

### MADemoiselle PICCOLOMINI.

THE musical world has long been a stranger to an excitement similar to that which has everywhere attended the appearance of this famous prima donna. Since her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre in London, two years ago, her career has been one continued triumph. From the moment of her first palpitating courtesy before the usually unimpassioned London audience until the day when the announcement of her farewell concert was sufficient to fill the gigantic Crystal Palace at Sydenham, the public has uniformly been held spellbound by the influence of her astonishing genius and by the charms of her personal appearance.

Maria Piccolomini was born at Sienna in the year 1835. Her personal grace and elegance, the charming vivacity of her expression, her sweet soprano voice, and the dramatic fire that, as it were, bursts forth from her from time to time—all combine in causing the spectator to think little of the disadvantage under which she would otherwise labor, of a figure below the average in height.

Fortunately, Maria Piccolomini, whilst still a child, gave the greatest promise of singing powers; and her parents, naturally desirous of encouraging that which was her favorite passion, far from throwing any obstacle in her way confided the musical education of their child to the care of Romani, one of the first professional teachers on Italy, and under whose instruction she made her *début* at Florence, in 1852, in the rôle of Lucrezia Borgia, at the age of little more than sixteen; in this part she appeared for twenty successive nights, with immense success.

The following stories are told relative to her first appearance in this opera: "On the last night of her engagement at the theatre called Carignan, a vast concourse of people assembled together as she came forth, and were about to take her horses from her carriage. She spoke out and told them, with flushed cheek and flashing eyes, that men ought to know better than to put themselves in the place of beasts; that Italy had higher and nobler duties for her sons. Finding the people, however, determined on paying this (as it seemed to her) degrading homage, she passed out of the theatre by a back door, and made her way to her own hotel on foot. Upon a subsequent occasion her residence was surrounded by an excited crowd, bent on manifesting their frantic delight at her musical powers. She sternly rebuked the young men of Italy for their levity, and pointed out to them that they could fulfil the end of their existence in other ways far more nobly and with far greater satisfaction to their own consciences. 'Keep your strength for Italy; our country needs all your energies,' exclaimed the youthful *débutants*." These stories, if true (and we confess we have no reason for doubting their truth), must give the reader but one impression, namely, that Maria Picco-

lomini is something greater even than a musical *artiste*—a woman of a lofty soul, and truly great in mind and character.

She spent four years in a tour through Italy, remaining a season at each place of importance, and attracted crowds of admirers amongst the musical circles of Florence, Rome, Palermo and Verona. Nor was her reputation confined to musical circles only. Wherever she appeared in public she immediately became

a favorite, and the populace added their applauses to those of their superiors. It was at Turin she appeared for the first time in the "Traviata," an adaptation more or less faithful from "The Lady of the Camellias," arranged for Italian music. "In spite of her youth," says her French biographer in Lauzan's "Galerie Historique et Critique du Dix Neuvieme Siecle," "she interpreted, with wondrous talent, that production of Verdi, some portions of which are worthy of being compared with the grand airs of 'Ernani' and of 'Il Trovatore.'"

The public was taken by intense surprise. All the world flocked to hear and applaud the youthful artist, who having never left her father's roof, and happily ignorant of the ways of vice, could express so exquisitely the feelings of the dying courtesan, evincing in a wonderful degree the intuitive perception of passion and its scenic effects. This triumph at once arrested the attention of the directors of the operas of London and Paris, and in 1856 Mademoiselle Piccolomini appeared in "La Traviata" for the first time before an English audience, who gave her the very warmest and most enthusiastic reception. They bestowed upon her ovations of every kind, and almost in an hour she was installed as the queen and the star of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Not to London alone, however, were the triumphs of the youthful artist confined. In Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bristol and other cities, she was received with the same applause as that which uniformly greeted her in the metropolis. During 1857 and 1858 Mademoiselle Piccolomini assumed the principal rôles in "Figaro," "The Huguenots," "La Serva Padrona," "Lucia," Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" Italianized, "Luina Miller," "La Figlia del Reggimento" and "Don Giovanni." In the latter opera—the unapproachable masterpiece of the Shakespeare of Music—the charming part of Zerlina was performed by Mdlle. Piccolomini.

We have given elsewhere our critical opinion of the vocalization and dramatic genius of this great performer. Within the limits of a biographical sketch is scarcely room for extended musical criticism, and we will therefore pass on, confining ourselves to a detail of facts.

The London seasons of 1857 and 1858 were periods of perpetual advance with Mdlle. Piccolomini, not only in excellence as an artist, but in favor with the musical public. At the conclusion of the operatic season, in the summer of this year, she appeared in different parts of England, and visited Dublin in the early part of September. Among the enthusiastic Irish she excited a perfect "fury" of admiration. As is well known, the students of Trinity College unharnessed the horses from her carriage and dragged it through the streets themselves. Leaving Dublin, Mdlle. Piccolomini sang on the 29th of September before an audience of twelve



Mdlle. MARIA PICCOLOMINI. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL, OF LONDON, TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.



thousand persons in the Sydenham Crystal Palace, and embarked on the 30th at Southampton for New York.

Mlle. Piccolomini arrived in the United States on the 14th inst. Six days later her *début* at the Academy of Music took place, when her greatest rôle—that of Violetta in the "Traviata"—was performed before an immense audience, when her reception was of the most gratifying nature. We have recorded in the proper place our impressions on the occasion.

One word with regard to Mlle. Piccolomini's parentage and we have done. Much has been foolishly written and said regarding her nobility of birth, and although it should matter little whether an artist be of high or low degree, especially in a republican country like our own, there can be no question that the fact of her illustrious descent was at first, before her intrinsic merits had established her world-wide reputation, an incentive to much curiosity. Maria Piccolomini is a descendant of one of the most ancient and noble Tuscan families, of which two members have occupied the Papal chair, under the names of Pius II. and Pius III. One of her cousins is the well-known Cardinal Piccolomini. Her historic name is, moreover, familiar as a household word with every reader of Schiller's "Wallenstein."

## TWO WORLDS.

God's world is bathed in beauty,  
God's world is steep'd in light;  
It is the same self glory  
That makes the day so bright,  
Which thrills the earth with music,  
Or hangs the stars in night.

Hide in earth's mines of silver,  
Floating on clouds above—  
Ringing in Autumn's tempest,  
Murmur'd by every dove;  
On thought fills God's creation—  
His own great name of love!

In God's world strength is lovely,  
And so is beauty strong,  
And light—God's glorious shadow—  
To both great gifts belong;  
And they all melt into sweetness,  
And fill the earth with song.

Above God's world bends Heaven,  
With day's kiss pure and bright,  
Or folds her still more fondly  
In the tender shade of night;  
And she casts back Heaven's sweetness  
In fragrant love and light.

God's world has one great echo,  
Whither calm blue mists are curl'd;  
Or lingering dewdrops quiver,  
Or red storms are uncurl'd;  
The same deep love is throbbing  
Through the great heart of God's world.

Man's world is black and blighted,  
Sleep'd through with self and sin;  
And should his feeble purpose  
Some feeble good begin,  
The work is marr'd and tainted  
By leprosy within.

Man's world is bleak and bitter;  
Wherever he has trod  
He spoils the tender beauty  
That blossoms on the sod,  
And blasts the loving Heaven  
Of the great good world of God.

There strength on coward weakness  
In cruel might will roll;  
Beauty and joy are cankers  
That eat away the soul;  
And love—O God, avenge it—  
The plague-spot of the whole.

Man's world is pain and terror,  
He found it pure and fair,  
And wove in nets of sorrow  
The golden summer air.  
Black, hideous, cold and dreary,  
Man's curse, not God's, is there.

And yet God's world is speaking;  
Man will not hear it call;  
But listens where the echoes  
Of his own discords fall.  
Then clamors back to Heaven  
That God has done it all.

## DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

**A Military Vestryman.**—A gentleman at the west end, says the Boston *Gazette*, who holds a commission in the militia, is also a member of the standing committee of his church. A meeting was recently called, and just before he left his own house to attend to it, he hurried up stairs in the dark, opened a closet and put on a frock coat, threw his cloak over him, and hastened to the meeting. As his host ushered him in he fell back in astonishment, for in the dark our friend had put on his regimental coat. He was forced to remain by those who were waiting his assistance to settle some matters pertaining to the church.

**Cable Eloquence.**—The Atlantic telegraph gives birth to an entirely new set of tropes and figures. Rev. Mr. Grigg, of New York, preached a cable sermon last Sunday week, in which he used it after this style: "When the sulphuric acid of true repentance corrodes the contaminating zinc of innate depravity and actual sinfulness, the fervent electrical force of prayerful entreaty," &c. Agala, "go to the telegraphic office of the atoning cross, and touch the wire of penitential prayer."

**Cowardly Assault.**—A correspondent, who gives his name and address, says that the night previous to the sailing of the *Persia* a foul and cowardly assault was made upon one of the musicians of that favorite steamer, which, but for the arrival of assistance, would undoubtedly have led to the murder of the offending Englishman. It appears he went into the bar-room of the Hudson County House to get a drink, when five or six Jersey loafers insulted him so grossly that he remonstrated with them. They immediately fell upon him, knocked him down, kicked him, and acted in the most dastardly manner. Aid arriving, the cowardly miscreants fled. There was not time for Captain Jenkins to pursue the case at that time, but on his return the utmost reparation will be demanded.

**Age and Decision.**—A friend mentioned to us this week one of the most remarkable illustrations of decision, in breaking away from a long-continued habit, that we ever heard of. It was in the case of a relative of his, a venerable old gentleman, ninety-four years of age, who had been in the daily habit of using his pipe and tobacco for more than seventy years. As the result of mature deliberation he suddenly one day surrendered the weed and all its accompaniments into the hands of his family, with the very emphatic declaration, "There, take 'em away! I've done; I shant smoke any more. I won't die with a pipe in my mouth!" This determination was not in consequence of any consciousness of decayed vigor by the use of tobacco, for the old hero had never been sick a day in his life, had never been obliged to call a physician, and had never known anything whatever of the depression of disease—but it came from the exercise of a wise, manly resolution. All honor to a veteran of ninety-four who could conquer a habit that had endured through "three score and ten!" John Leighton, Esq., of Boston, is the man.

**Retribution.**—Paulin C. Leblou has at last met his fate. He was one of the most daring violators of the law known. At once wealthy, accomplished and cold-blooded, all these advantages were turned into engines to wrong his fellow-creatures. He shot this man, seduced that woman, and owing to the corruption of the judiciary he always escaped the penalty. On Monday, 13th September, he met his fate. The New Orleans *Bulletin* thus relates the catastrophe: On Monday, the 13th instant, the District Court commenced its regular session at Lake Charles, the seat of justice in the parish of Calcasieu. Everything about town indicated that a deep under-current was at work for some purpose unknown to strangers; for the western wing of the hotel displayed in fine order and in good keeping many double-barrelled guns, pistols and bowie-knives. Like instruments of warfare were also conspicuously visible in the court-room. Things remained in that state until Wednesday morning, at which time Paulin C. Leblou, coming in from the country, rode up to the rack of the hotel, descended from his mule and started towards the house with a pair of heavy dragon pistols across his left arm, besides a repeater and a bowie-knife in his belt. He had almost reached the steps of the west wing of the hotel when he was shot from the front of the very same steps four different times by a man named Eugene Foux and several others, who had all been the victims of the last and other depravities of Leblou. Each discharge was deadly. His right arm was awfully mangled; four bullets penetrated through his neck, one through his right breast, one through the lower part of his abdomen, and the balance—as he turned at the first fire—took effect in his shoulders and

the most vital portions of his person. Leblou expired almost instantly. And thus closed the life of one whose earthly career has been stained with blood and ruin, all of which could have been prevented if those entrusted with the administration of justice in that parish had only performed their duty fearlessly and regardless of consequences.

**Where's Judge Russell or Lynch?**—A gang of First Ward ruffians, between twelve and one o'clock on Sunday morning, went into the porter-house, No. 5 Washington street, kept by an old man named David Harrington. The blinds were up, and inside were Mr. Harrington, his son and two young men. The gang, although told that the place was closed for the night, burst open the door, and compelled Mr. Harrington to treat them to drinks twice round. Having partaken of the drinks, some of the gang held Mr. Harrington while others rifled his pockets, which being completed, they knocked the old gentleman down, and afterwards extended the same treatment to his son and the other young men in the place. Drawing knives and pistols they left, threatening further violence if either of the parties ventured to make any outcry. Young Harrington ventured, however, to call out "police," and for his boldness was fired at, the ball hitting him on the side of the head, and making a pathway several inches long through the scalp. One of the gang, James Tooney, was arrested; the others escaped. The escaped parties are well-known, and warrants have been issued for their arrest. We presume their services are wanted at the election, since we have not heard of their arrest.

**Indiana Election.**—The returns for members of the Legislature thus far received show the election of twelve Republicans, three anti-Leocompton Democrats, and twelve Administration Senators; while there are thirteen Republicans and ten Democrats holding over from last session. To the House fifty-two Republicans, three anti-Leocompton, and forty-five Administration Democrats are elected. The official returns of a few counties are not yet received, but will not change this result. The Democratic State ticket has about 2,500 majority.

**Terrible Scandal.**—The usual serenity of the fashionable locality of Avenue C, on the East River side, has recently given place to scenes of a scandalous and alarming nature. A young lady, the daughter of a wealthy oyster-merchant residing in the above neighborhood, was jilted, several months ago, by a foreign gentleman of rank, a Dutch rapscallion, who boarded under the same roof. The girl, although one of the loveliest specimens of womanhood, was rendered callous by the hopelessness of her restoration to respectable society, and she accordingly submitted the dazzling effulgence of her beauty to the gaze of the heartless people of that fashionable locality with considerable reluctance, whenever she was obliged to go to the hydrant for water. In this way she had lived about two months, when one evening last week she met her jilted lover at one of our most popular places of public amusement, and drawing a fan, which it appears she had constantly carried about her person ever since her lover's desertion, she knocked him down without the slightest remorse. The wretched girl then escaped, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts that were made to arrest her, and hiring a vehicle, she was driven, at her own request, to a small street in the extreme suburbs of the city, and adjacent to the North River, where she took one of the ferry-boats and crossed to Jersey, where she was found late last evening.

**Trial of a Handsome Young Widow in North Carolina.**—The North Carolina papers announce the acquittal, at Raleigh, last week, of Martha Morgan, a handsome young widow, aged about twenty-two years, charged with the murder of Alexander Allen, a constable of Johnson county. A writer to the *Pittsburgh Express* says: Martha Morgan, the prisoner, was indigent but proverbially honest. Through her own exertions and the kindness of a few neighbors, she supported her little family. Some months since, Allen, the constable, forcibly entered her abode and levied on the effects of her scanty household, for the purpose of selling the same. She remonstrated and importuned him to desist. Regardless of her entreaties, he persisted in taking possession of her furniture, and added insult to injury by heaping upon her a volley of abuse. Being protected by a protector, and feeling deeply aggrieved, in a moment of frenzy she seized a shot gun and shot her persecutor down. The jury, having come into Court, rendered a verdict of "Not guilty." The result was received by an immense concourse of visitors with one universal outburst of applause.

**Melancholy Result of a Lovers' Quarrel.**—On Monday night a young man was in company with his sweetheart, Jane Bowdley, about eighteen years of age, somewhere in the neighborhood of a pool at Priestfield, when a quarrel took place between them, and the young woman ran towards the pool, declaring that she would drown herself. She plunged into the water, and was immediately followed by her lover, who attempted to save her, but was unable to do so. John Beebe, about twenty years of age, also went to the girl's assistance, but in his efforts to rescue her both he and the young woman were unhappily drowned.

**A Novelty.**—A Frenchman, named Louis Beeriers, made an attempt to shoot the Rev. Mr. Crawford, pastor of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, in Thirty-fourth street, on Sunday night, while the latter was conducting services. Beeriers shot at him with a heavily-loaded pistol, the ball from which passed by his head and lodged in the rear of the pulpit. The would-be assassin was immediately secured and handed over to the police. He is evidently insane. His reason was that in a sermon preached the preceding Sunday he thought the parson alluded to him.

**A True De Riviere.**—Our excellent contemporary of the *Love Lecture* and the hero of the Napoleon County must certainly belong to the family. As a proof, we give this anecdote, taken from Carlyle's essay on Diderot: "A certain Riviere had received assistance from Diderot in some literary or scientific matter, to an extent that might very properly suggest a pecuniary return. The daughter of Diderot, who wrote his memoirs, is quoted as follows: 'Riviere, well contented, now thanks my father both for his services and his advice, sits chatting another quarter of an hour, and then takes leave. My father shows him down. As they are on the stairs, Riviere stops, turns round and asks, 'M. Diderot, are you acquainted with Natural History?' 'Why, a little; I know an alce from a sage, and a pigeon from a colibri.' 'Do you know the history of the formica-leo?' 'No.' 'It is a little insect of great industry; it digs a hole in the ground like a reversed funnel; it covers the top with fine, light sand; it entices foolish insects into it; takes them, sucks them, and then says to them—M. Diderot, I have the honor to wish you good day!' My father," continues the lady, "stood laughing like to split at this adventure."

**Swapping Wives.**—The Danville (Va.) *Transcript* says a friend informs us that the following occurrence in Patrick county came to his knowledge a few days since. Two of the citizens of that go-ahead State, having each about a half dozen children, concluded to make a swap of an unhard-of character. One proposed to swap wives, but the other, thinking his wife the most likely woman, said he must have something to boot. It was finally agreed that one should give the other two and a half bushels of potatoes, and the swap was made! An anecdote is also told when Belle Brittan separated from her husband, that fortunate man threw into the bargain the shilleagh he used in thrashing her.

**Exploration of the Pacific.**—At last accounts, Lieut. Brooke, famed as the inventor of the deep sea sounding instrument, was about to sail from San Francisco in the *Peninsular* Cooper, on a mission to examine a number of reported dangers in the Pacific, between San Francisco and China. They are upwards of four hundred in number, one hundred of them being between San Francisco and Sandwich Islands. Lieut. Brooke goes provided with a lead for deep sea soundings, and when unable to find the designated danger, will take a sounding over its reported position. It is also part of his mission to examine a portion of the coast of Japan, which is not now sufficiently known for the safety of our whaling and merchant ships which have occasion to visit those shores. E. M. Kern, the well-known artist, who accompanied Fremont in his first expedition, is a member of the exploring party.

**Ira Stout, the Murderer.**—This unhappy man, evidently the victim of bad family associations, and who is to expiate his offences on the gallows in a few days, has made another abortive attempt on his life. How long will the parents of our Republic forbear to look that terrible fact in the face, that to their neglect and want of courage are owing the calamitous fate of their offspring? What good can be ascribed of that youth who seldom spends an evening with his family, but prefers the society of uneducated young men, whose intellectual beguile with a cigar and ends with a bowl of claret punch? And yet so infatuated are some weak-headed young men that they deliberately prefer grieving the hearts of their parents to losing the dangerous acquaintance of a parcel of vagabonds, whose natural home is a drinking saloon and whose future life is that of the loafer. In Ira Stout's letter to his mother there is this terrible sentence; let weak-minded and vicious fathers read it and tremble:

"In my younger days, mother, you did all a good mother could do to make me great and good. My first thought of God and goodness I learned from you; and the first prayer I ever said, you taught me. My attachment to books and knowledge I owe to you; and any qualities that may redeem my character are the result of your teaching. All my badness and perversion should rest on father and myself. My beloved mother, how good and eminent I might have been had I done as you taught me. It is my last regret that I die without making any return for all you have done for me. But there is no hope or prospect of accomplishing this left me, mother. You will not mourn too much over me, mother; we must all lie down alike in the dust. And what matters it whether we die in the prime and glory of youth or the weakness of age? Where shall my grave be, mother? Let it be where you and Charlie and Franky can visit it."

**Another Steamer.**—Miss Harriet Lane christened the Lancaster last Wednesday at Philadelphia. The launch was a most beautiful sight, and was witnessed by thousands. It is a steam propelled and admirably constructed. The President's fair niece looked very lovely, and performed the interesting operation with much grace. So says the *Jenkins* of the Philadelphia Press.

**New York Taxation.**—An American paper, in an article on Taxation, thus compares Great Britain and our Republic, by taking New York and Glasgow:

"We question, if all were counted up, if the people of the United States are not more heavily burdened in this way, individually, than those of Great Britain. One thing is perfectly certain, that they have far more to pay for the actual benefit they derive from Government. The heaviest burden is in the shape of local taxes, of which there is no general account, and we therefore cannot appeal to national statistics in support of the assertion we hazard, that the aggregate taxes of the United States are equal to those of Great Britain. But let us take a local instance from each country, and, as Mr. Bright's letter was addressed to a Glasgow meeting, we may compare Glasgow and New York.

The local taxes of the former city amount to about £150,000 a year, we believe. Those of New York exceed £1,600,000. This city is nearly twice the size of Glasgow, and its local burdens are more than ten times as great! And what is the comparative gain? The city of New York, within the limits of the corporation, does not nearly cover double the ground that Glasgow does; yet within this limited space, extending only some four miles by one and a half, what do we receive for this enormous expenditure in the shape of paving, cleaning, lighting and police? In this respect there can be no comparison whatever between the two cities. In Glasgow the sum of £150,000 actually produces a greater amount of efficient work and useful services than eight or nine million dollars do here; and Glasgow is by no means a model of good civic government."

**Melancholy Event.**—Mr. Hannan, a most respectable young man, and a member of the Irving Guard, was accidentally killed on Wednesday last, by the discharge of his rifle, at Fort Lee, while on a target excursion. These accidents so frequently occur that the commanding officer of every company should impress upon his men the necessity of more care. Mr. Hannan leaves a mother and two sisters, who were dependent upon him for support.

**Hoboken.**—The rejoicings in this pretty city are postponed in consequence of the indisposition of the inhabitants to pay for them. There can be no question the Water Commissioners deserve great credit for their successful achievement, more especially since they have not expended all the money voted for it.

**Mourful Sight.**—The ship *Daniel Webster*, arrived at London from New York, reports that on the 20th of September, in lat. 43° 20', long. 42° 57', passed a number of dead bodies, supposed to be from the burnt steamer *Austria*.

**Philadelphia.**—It is somewhat ludicrous to hear some stray foreigner on the New York Press try to joke as though he were a native, and (as Shakespeare says) to the manner born, by calling Philadelphia and Boston villages. Our firemen don't think so—*coccygium*. The members of Hope Hose Company No. 7, of Philadelphia, with their steam fire engine, returned home yesterday by the Camden and Amboy boat at four P. M. They were escorted to the boat by a deputation of the New York Fire Department, who cordially bade them adieu at the wharf. During the morning the Philadelphians were taken to the Navy Yard, where they spent a couple of hours very profitably. Altogether the visiting company have no reason to regret their coming. They were most cordially received and entertained, and during their visit they have done much to disabuse the New York firemen of the prejudice they had formed against steam fire engines. They have shown that it was possible to keep up the voluntary associations with these engines, and hence they are likely soon to become popular. Mr. Pete, the foreman of the Hope Hose, was presented with an elegant silver trumpet by the ladies of New York on Tuesday night.

**Dedication of the Monument to Lorenzo B. Shepard.**—On the 20th the granite monument in Greenwood Cemetery was formally dedicated to Lorenzo B. Shepard, formerly District Attorney of New York and Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society. A large delegation from the Tammany Society, the Shepard Guard, Mayor Tiemann and many other distinguished citizens were in attendance. The burial service was read by Rev. Dr. Adams, of Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and then Abraham J. Hewett delivered a lengthy eulogy, in which he gave a sketch of Mr. Shepard's life and historical career! The monument is a granite obelisk or Quincy shaft, and it, together with the ground on which it stands, cost over \$3,000. It bears appropriate inscriptions on each of its four sides. Its height from the foundation to the summit of the shaft is twenty-seven feet.

**Good News.**—A reduction in the prices of Sewing Machines is announced in our advertising columns. We have heretofore expressed the opinion that the prices of this invention have been too high—so high as to place them beyond the reach of many whom they would most benefit. Their utility is established beyond question, and at the present prices we see no reason why they should not be found, as they ought to be, in every household. Several varieties are manufactured adapted to various purposes. So far as public opinion has been formed and uttered, the preference is emphatically accorded to the Wheeler and Wilson machine for family use, and for manufacturers in the same range of purpose and material. During the present autumn the trials have been numerous, and all the patents of any pretension have been brought fairly into competition. In every case, the Wheeler and Wilson machine has won the highest premium. We may instance the State fairs of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin and California, and the fairs of the Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis Institutes, already held. At the fair of the St. Louis Mechanical Association the Committee consisted of twenty-five ladies of the highest social standing, who without a dissenting voice awarded for the Wheeler and Wilson machine the highest and only premium, a silver pitcher valued at \$75. If these facts do not establish a reputation, we know not what can.—*Christian Advocate and Journal*.

**Disgusting Spectacle.**—The *Daily Times* has been groaning over the fight between Mr. Morrissey and Mr. Heenan, or, to speak more properly, the Benicia Boy. There has been a more disgusting spectacle at Montgomery Hall, where two women were pitted to walk against each other till one sunk exhausted. The match was intended to test their endurance. The terms of agreement being "to walk a plank thirty feet long, three feet wide, and raised three feet above the floor. The one that sits down, goes to sleep, or falls off first to lose the stake—\$100." One of the women was dressed like an English jockey—blue velvet jockey cap, with silver braid; the basque and skirt of brown merino, trimmed with blue ribbon. A fancy sash passes over from the right shoulder to the left waist, and down to the knee, in all the glory of crimson tassels. Rings, breastpin and some stars glittering on the sash over the right breast, with a massive watch chain dangling in front, constitute the adornment of the upper woman. The continuations are encased in ribbed woollen skin tight, terminating with fancy socks and heelless leather gaiters. The other wears a blower hat, with a small black feather in front; black silk basque, with French tri-colored sash passing from the right waist to the left shoulder, and terminating there with some knotty fixings. Over a brown merino skirt she has passed some dashing crimson gauze. The continuations are in flesh-colored skin tight, and approaches somewhat the model artist. One is of very short stature and chubby, weighing 110 lbs., a little dark in complexion, twenty-five years of age, and no doubt a charming "lassie" to her lord. The other is a little taller and of fair complexion, twenty-two years of age, not so stout in appearance and so likely to stand the fatigue as the other; her walking weight being 120 lbs. Both have undergone a regular system of training during the last six weeks to bring them "into condition," something akin to the preparations through which pass the prize fighter. They have had their walks, their running, their baths, "beefsteaks rare done," and their sherry moderately. During the match, ten minutes, three times per day, is allowed them for refreshment, but that has also to be taken in a standing posture and with eyes open.

Who will have the moral depravity to prefer the above spectacle to the exhibition that recently occurred in Canada? This is only a preparatory step to pugilistic encounters between women!

**Cangemi.**—The Albany *Evening Journal* states that the Court of Appeals has granted a new trial in the case of Cangemi, and established the principle that, upon the trial of an indictment for a capital offence, no consent of the prisoner can dispense with the full jury of twelve.

**The Prize Fight.**—The great topic of conversation the last week was the prize fight which is said to have caused \$200,000 to change hands in New York alone. The tactics of Heenan and the endurance of Morrissey were actively discussed. Tom Hyer is reported to have said that he could name a man who, for any sum, from \$10,000 to \$40,000, could whip Morrissey; and as this is supposed to mean himself and will certainly be carried to Morrissey's ears, there is a probability that another brutal affair will be speedily on the tapis.

**Consolation.**—The Washington *Union* announces that the Hon. J. Glancy Jones, one of the defeated candidates for Congress at the late Pennsylvania election, has accepted the appointment of Minister to Austria, voluntarily tendered him by the President. Mr. Jones was Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Representatives during the last session, and warmly supported the measures and policy of the Administration. As a strong and leading adherent of Mr. Buchanan, his return to Congress was opposed with extraordinary energy, and, as it turned out, with success. Mr. Buchanan has promptly rewarded his fidelity, and consoled him for his defeat.

## FOREIGN NEWS ENGLAND

**Atlantic Cable.**—The Pacific brings somewhat more cheering speculations concerning the Atlantic cable. The *Daily News* has a hopeful editorial article on the Atlantic cable, and thinks it may yet be rendered available. It says that Professor Thompson has nearly succeeded in neutralizing the effects of earth currents, which become perplexing when the currents through the cable are so weak. Professor Hughes has so modified his printing apparatus that a current of voltaic electricity, generated by a small iron wire being held in one hand, moistened with water, while a copper wire of equal size is held in the other, the two wires being united to form a circuit, is sufficient in intensity to make his machine print an intelligible message. So sensitive is his new instrument that it will still print correctly, though a current as weak as we have described is diminished still more in intensity by passing through the bodies of four individuals. With the combined improvements and inventions of Professors Thomson and Hughes and Mr. Henley, we are not without hope that, as soon as their instruments can be conveyed across the Atlantic, electric communication will be once more restored.

**Important.**—The half-yearly meeting of the Great Western Railway Company of Canada had been held in London. The directors' report, which declares a dividend of four per cent., was adopted by a small majority, an amendment having been proposed limiting the dividend to three and a half per cent. A resolution was agreed to, after strong opposition, authorizing the directors to advance £100,000 for the rolling stock of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railway.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railroad, in London, it was stated that the gross revenue of the half-year was more than absorbed by the works in progress.

**Atlantic Cables.**—The *Morning Chronicle* believes that "the attempt to establish electric communication between the Old World and the New will be repeated under much more favorable conditions, and in more than one direction. For this conclusion, among others, has been definitely reached, that the means of instantaneous intercourse with America must not be left dependent upon the chances of a single cable or a particular route. We must tie the



Continents together by many bonds of union, following different channels and terminating at different points. No casual accident, no local disturbance, and not even any political perturbation must be allowed to interrupt the free and regular interchange of intelligence when once established across the broad Atlantic."

**An English Scheme.**—Sir Bulwer Lytton, prompted by the Canadian Minister now in England, was giving special attention to a plan for the federation of the British American colonies. Lord Bury was to leave Galway in a week for British North America, with instructions from the colonial officials to obtain the views of the Legislatures and people of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick on the subject of a confederation. Lieut. Col. Moody is appointed Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works in British Columbia.

#### IRELAND.

**Galway and New York.**—A deputation from the Atlantic Steam Packet Company had an interview with Mr. Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, on the subject of postal subsidies between Galway, Newfoundland and America. He stated that the Government viewed with considerable interest the new line of steamers between Galway and the British North American Colonies, by Mr. Lever, and the importance they attached to be able to communicate between London and Washington in ten days.

The *Limerick Chronicle* says that on the assembling of Parliament the Government will recommend giving to Galway a grant of £50,000, as the first instalment for the construction of a breakwater, should the Commissioners' report be favorable. The Commissioners had arrived to commence investigations.

#### PRUSSIA.

**The Regency.**—The health of the King is so rapidly declining that the Queen has at last consented to vesting the Prince of Prussia with power to conduct the Government, as Regent, on his own responsibility. It is expected he will remove the old Ministers. An English paper thus weighs him:

"The Prince of Prussia—whose name is Frederick William Louis—was born on March 22, 1797. He is the son of Frederick William III., and consequently is brother to the King. Recently he was military Governor of Rhenish Prussia, and the King's Lieutenant in Pomerania. The Prince is generally regarded as more a soldier than a politician, and has always observed a scrupulous abstention from all uninvited interference in affairs of Government. His principles, so far as they are known, appear to be rather absolutist, but well tempered; and no one doubts that under his hands the Prussian Government would take firmer and higher ground in European politics than has lately characterized it."

#### TURKEY.

**Jiddah.**—A Trieste telegram says that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe has been instructed to express the regret of the English Government for the bombardment of Jiddah, and that England intends to indemnify the sufferers.

**Perlm.**—It was further reported that England will ask to rent the island of Perlm for one hundred years.

#### CENTRAL AMERICA.

The *Paris Presse* publishes the correspondence between the United States Minister to Nicaragua and the Foreign Minister of that republic, touching the conventions of Felix Belly. The American Minister declares that no arrangement of Nicaragua with Mr. Belly shall be recognized or assented to that is contrary to the just rights acquired by American citizens, and that the liberal policy resulting from the Transit treaty of November last shall be constantly maintained. The Nicaraguan Minister replies that his Government wishes only for justice and its rights; it desires friendly relations with the United States, but declares the Transit treaties of no value, because the route was not opened at the stipulated period. Mr. Belly appealed to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty for protection, and Lord Malmesbury, in a letter to Mr. Belly, tells him that the stipulation of that treaty will, in his own opinion, apply to his scheme if it is carried out.

#### MADAGASCAR.

Scarcely anything is known of this great island and of its foreign relations but we find the following in the *Marseilles* correspondence of the *London Morning Post*: "The French journals are just now much occupied, though little or nothing is said on the subject in our own papers, with the expedition which is preparing for Madagascar. A considerable detachment of troops is to accompany the naval force, to act in the interior as well as on the coast. It is stated in one of the journals that the research which the Emperor has commanded Prince Napoleon to make, in order to investigate and establish the claims of France on that island, is proceeding very rapidly, and it appears that satisfactory proofs are forthcoming that France has strong rights to the possession of Madagascar." Without entering too minutely into historical details, it will be sufficient to add a few facts. On the 20th September, 1643, the company called *Le Orient*, formed under the patronage of Richelieu, obtained from Louis XIV. the cession of Madagascar and the adjacent islands. By an edict of the year 1665 that island was designated 'L'île de la Dauphine,' and Fort du Dauphine was its capital. Regular possession was taken of the island on July 11, 1665. In 1811, however, the English made themselves masters of the island, but many of them being massacred by the natives the remaining retired, and, being reinforced, they returned and destroyed all the French forts. But by the treaty of peace in 1814 Madagascar was ceded to France—a cession which has ever since been disputed and declared null and void by the Radama, Prince of the Ovas, and has not heretofore been enforced. Whatever credit may attach to these observations is not for me to say; but I know from very good authority that an expedition to Madagascar is really and truly in contemplation."

### GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

#### ENGLAND.

**Dangerous Advice.**—Queen Victoria has immortalized herself by an act of clemency. She evidently does not consider kissing a pretty woman a crime, even if it is against her will. The gracious Victoria has, therefore, granted a free pardon to a young man, one William Craft, who was sentenced to six months' hard labor for that offense. When Craft gets out he had better comb his hair, wash his face, brush his coat, and go and—kiss the Queen, and then wait the consequences.

**Queen Victoria.**—The Queen returns to London in a few days, and a series of magnificent balls will be given; one in honor of the Duke of Malakoff's marriage. The Emperor of Russia will pay a visit to Paris and London in the course of November. This is intended to consolidate the peace of the world, so far as the rulers are concerned.

**The African Traveller.**—Intelligence has been received from Mr. Charles Anderson, author of "Lake Ngami," who has undertaken to explore the Ovampo country in the direction of the River Cunene. It appears that after successfully prosecuting several hundred miles of his journey he was compelled to return, owing to the scarcity of water and the duplicity of his guides.

**Kosuth.**—The *Glasgow Daily Mail* understands that the committee which so successfully superintended Kosuth's lectures last year is about to invite the distinguished Hungarian to deliver a second course, should he find it convenient to visit Glasgow. Some time in November is the period upon which the committee have fixed as the most suitable season.

**Prolific.**—On a tombstone in Heyden churchyard, near Hull, in Yorkshire, is the following inscription: "Here lies the body of William Stuart, of Panthill, buried May 18, 1806, aged 97 years. He had children by his first wife 23, by his second 17; own father to 45, grandfather to 68, great-grandfather to 97, great-great-grandfather to 23; in all 291. Blessed be his memory!"

**A Brave Woman.**—In a detached cottage, at Twickenham, resides an elderly lady, in very delicate health, with one servant. One evening last week this young woman went into her mistress's bed-room, to inquire if anything was wanted before retiring to rest. On opening the door she found a lad, not more than eighteen, standing over her mistress as she lay in bed, apparently in the act of striking her with a heavy stick. She rushed upon him, closed with him so rapidly that he was unable to use his bludgeon, and at length succeeded in completely overpowering the thief. Kneeling upon him as he lay on the floor, she held him down while her mistress brought her a piece of cord, with which she secured the hands of her captive, who was then locked up in a strong cupboard until the arrival of a constable.

#### IRELAND.

**Complimenting his Countrymen.**—Mr. Smith O'Brien does not seem to have the highest opinion of his gallant countrymen. In a letter he has recently written upon the state of Ireland he says:

"For my own part I have ceased to expect beneficial legislation for Ireland from any English party or Government, but I feel convinced that the best chance of obtaining good measures is to be found by concentrating in an independent national party the whole influence of the Irish nation. It remains to be seen whether there exists in this country public spirit sufficient to give effect to such a policy. I candidly confess that I can observe in the present state of the public mind but scanty indications of a national spirit. Entertaining these views, I need not say that I shall rejoice in the success of any endeavor which may be made by the Nationalists of the county of Cork to uphold an independent policy."

#### FRANCE.

Two French men-of-war have sailed to Lisbon, to demand redress for the seizure of a French vessel while transporting negroes to the West Indies. Jung Balador, the hero of Nepal, whose fidelity to the British throughout their troubles has been so remarkable, is on his way to London. He will remain in Paris a few days. It will be remembered he made a long stay in England some six years ago. It is rumored that he returns to offer his hand and heart—if such creatures as Indians, negroes, Mexicans and Spaniards have any—to the Hon. Miss Henley, whose charms enslaved him on his previous visit. After her capture with Lord Cardigan, she is certainly qualified for a Princess of Nepal.

**Queer Verdict.**—An account was given at the beginning of July of a young woman named Houyvet having been murdered by her husband on a road leading to a village called St. Croix Hague (La Manche), and of his having the day after given himself into custody at Cherbourg. Three days ago he was brought to trial at the Court of Assizes of the department, and he

stated that having had a sudden quarrel with his wife, as they were walking along the road, he knocked her down, and that as she had threatened to have him punished for his brutality, he pulled out his knife, and had stabbed her not fewer than nineteen times in the throat and near the heart—many of the stabs being mortal. He was declared guilty with extenuating circumstances, and sentenced to hard labor for life.

**Tribute to Music.**—M. Halevy, the composer of *L'Éclair*, *La Reine de Chypre*, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, *Le Val d'Andorre*, *la Juive*, *La Magicienne*, and other well known works, has just been promoted to the grade of Commander of the Imperial Order of the Legion of Honor. M. Ambroise Thomas, the composer of *La Double Echelle*, *Le Pecheur de la Reine*, *Le Caid*, *Le Songe Payche*, and *Le Carnaval de Venise*, has been appointed Officer in the same Legion.

**Growth of War.**—Among the bad deeds of Wellington was his preventing the division of France. This nation has been for centuries a public nuisance and the disturber of Europe. That strange combination of the tiger, the monkey and the cock never will be anything else but a Frenchman. A pamphlet called "Cherbourg and England" has caused much chatter among the French and much contempt in London. We give an extract:

"The history of England is a permanent scandal; the success of England disturbs the conscience like the sight of a lucky brigand. But if the brigand sometimes escapes punishment on earth, it is not so with cities or nations. Where now is Carthage? where will haughty England be to-morrow? France now feels herself sufficiently powerful to compel England to be equitable towards her and her allies. If England cannot be equitable without perishing, let England perish!"

"England, at heart is afraid, and her ill-disguised terror is inspired by her troubled conscience. England obtained the first rank amongst nations only by surprise. She now descends to her natural position. At the beginning she will grumble, but she will soon become accustomed to her fate. When the privileged classes of England declaim against France, let them reflect on the amount of support they would obtain from the English people on the day when a French general should present himself with universal suffrage in one hand and the Code Napoleon in the other. From the present moment it is not only to Heaven that the English workman will appeal in his misery; he will also keep his eyes fixed in the direction of Cherbourg, and seek to discover, in the cloudy horizon, the approach of the fleet of deliverance."

This shows how little dependence there is to be placed in the alliance of two nations like France and England. It is like tying the tails of a dog and a cat together and calling them allies.

#### BELGIUM.

**Bathing at Ostend.**—A letter from Ostend says: "Considerable commotion has lately been caused in this place by the over-zeal of a commissary of police. It appears that from time immemorial a portion of the beach has been designated by the name of 'Le Paradis,' where persons have been able to enjoy the recreation of bathing with greater freedom than in other places near the town. The medical men have even recommended certain of their patients to bathe in this spot as being better for their health, and no one has ever dreamt of considering the freedom enjoyed by the bathers as an infringement on the laws of decorum, the place being so completely removed from ordinary resort. A few days since, however, the commissary of police of the district took it into his head that the practice was in contravention of the enactments of the penal code, and an attack on public decency, and by his orders a party of gendarmes proceeded to the spot and arrested several persons who were bathing there—among them the Russian Prince G—. They were all marched off through the town to the commissary's office, and since that the parties in question have received summonses to appear before the Tribunal of Correctional Police to answer for the offence."

#### PARAGUAY.

**A Lucky Dog.**—The President of Paraguay has added to his foreign imbrolios by insulting the British Minister at a recent reception. He wore his hat, and contended for his right to do so; the British Minister demanded his passports, and took passage in a small English steamer. While going down the river, said steamer was run into by a Paraguayan war steamer, the minister and other passengers barely escaping with their lives.

### PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

**English Fashions for October.**—As some of our fair readers may be curious respecting the prevailing fashions on the other side of the Atlantic, we offer them a few.

For plain out-door dress, silks, striped transversely, are much in favor. Gros de Naples of rich dark hues, with designs woven in velvet, are worn in a superior style of out-door dress. The newest autumnal silks have very large patterns in stripes, chequers or ramage of flowers. Tartan, always in favor with her Majesty during the royal visit to Balmoral, is this year extremely fashionable. Fancy tartans, in silk or poplin, are worn for morning out-door dress; and the rich colors of the clan tartans show very effectively in satin or velvet for dinner or evening costume. A fashionable Parisian modiste has recently made a dress of rich tartan velvet for the Queen of Greece. The colors are particularly rich and brilliant.

In an assortment of elegant robes just imported from Paris we have noticed several remarkable for novelty. We have here briefly described them.

A dress suitable for plain walking costume, called the robe Castillane, is composed of a black and white chequered material. It has a double skirt, the upper one having quilles or side trimmings of tartan.

Another dress of mohair, striped horizontally in shades of brown. It has a double skirt, with side trimmings of a plaided pattern in green and blue. The corsage has bretelles of plaid, and a sash of plaided ribbon is fastened in a bow and long ends in front of the waist. The sleeves, which are exceedingly wide at the ends, are finished by a band of plaided trimming.

We may mention a new style of double skirt, composed of two different materials. The lower skirt is of dark blue glacé, and the upper skirt is of blue striped silk, the stripes running horizontally on a very pale gray ground. The corsage, which is of the same material as the upper skirt, has bretelles of blue glacé, edged with fringe. The side trimmings are formed of three bands of blue silk, the centre one broader than those at either side. The ends of these bands are fringed, and the fringe descends below the edge of the upper skirt. The sleeves are loose, open in front of the arm, and edged round with blue silk.

A superb evening dress is composed of rich cerulean-blue silk, sprinkled with flowers in white silk, presenting almost the brilliancy of silver. The skirt has quilles of a rich design, figured in blue on a white ground. They are edged at each side by a sort of chain pattern brocaded in white silk of silvery lustre. This robe, which is most elegant in effect, may be had in various colors, as pink, blue or mauve.

Many of the dresses in the assortment to which we are here referring are in the new style called the robe à six lis. These dresses are composed of silk of two different colors or patterns, viz., three breadths of one kind and three of another, disposed alternately.

Dresses of a novel description of brocaded silk, called *matelassé*, are made in every variety of color. These dresses have quilles in rich and varied designs, but sometimes consisting merely of broad transverse stripes. Nothing can be more elegant than a robe of *matelassé*, having black quilles on a green ground.

The *Carolina* robe at present enjoys high favor in Paris. It has two skirts—the lower one of plain mauve-colored silk, and the upper one composed of alternate breadths of mauve and white. The quilles consist of a variety of elegant designs figured in white silk, and producing something like the effect of Alençon lace.

Though fashions will not be abandoned, yet it is certain side trimmings and double skirts will enjoy an especial share of fashionable favor. A leading Parisian modiste has recently made many silk dresses with skirts entirely plain. The silk employed in making these dresses is of very rich texture and of one color only. The only ornaments employed on these plain dresses are several rows of buttons placed on each side of the skirt. The corsages are made high, and the sleeves in the pagoda form.

It may be observed that basques are gradually disappearing. They are now worn only with dresses suitable for *regatta*, and are never seen in evening costume. Even high dresses made of the richest and most costly silks have no basque at the waist; but the corsage is usually pointed both in front and at the back. A waistband of a color (or in various colors) harmonizing with the dress is very fashionable. It may be fastened by a brooch or buckle in front of the waist. A broad ribbon sash, fastened in a bow and long ends in front, is also very fashionable.

A combination of crape and velvet is much employed for autumn bonnets, and the effect is extremely pretty. We have seen a bonnet of white crape, having a fancheon of violet-colored velvet, edged with black lace. Round the back part of the crown there was a demi-wreath of violets of two tones of color. The under trimming of this bonnet consisted of a cordon of violets passing across the upper part of the forehead, and at each side full ruffles of blonde. Another very elegant bonnet has been made of tartan velvet and trimmed with black lace. Velvet flowers, of the various colors composing the pattern of the tartan, are tastefully disposed in the blonde ruche of the under trimming.

Under sleeves are composed chiefly of puffs of tulle and rows of lace, with trimmings of narrow velvet or ribbon.

A very pretty style of under sleeve, intended for demi-toilette, consists of a single large puff, with bouillonnés running longitudinally; within the bouillonnés insertions of colored ribbon, terminated by bows. This sleeve has a cuff, edged with a bouillonné, with running of ribbon, and fastened by a bow.

**Something about Old Bachelors.**—An exchange says: "If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single, when there was not a woman upon the earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls!"

The Savannah News meets the railing accusation:

"Ever since the days of Adam, old bachelors have been the butt of everybody's ridicule. We protest against it. There is a vast difference between Adam and the old bachelors of our day. Adam could afford to marry—many bachelors now a-days cannot. What with crinolines, five hundred dollar shawls, diamond bracelets and pin money, it is no small undertaking at this age of the world. Eve had no choice—it was Adam or nobody. She had no chance to get up a flirtation, for there was no one to flirt with. Seeing no this she got him into a scrape by eating the forbidden fruit. 'Old bachelors are criminally guilty,' are they? Give 'old bachelors' the same chance that Adam had, and, our word for it, a majority of them would put on matrimony in no time."

### CHESS.

**MORPHY AND HARRWITZ.**—This match, it is said, was terminated by the illness of Mr. Harrwitz. The score at the close stood, Morphy.....5 | Harrwitz.....2 | Drawn.....1

**JOHN DOW.**—Our opinion is, decidedly, under the present advice from Europe, that all wagers are won by those who backed their opinion in favor of Mr. Morphy.

**THE CONCISE CHESS NOTATION.**—We purposely refrain from making use of the Chess notation presented by us last week, because we wish to have the views of our contributors and correspondents before adopting it. If they say "good!" in it goes.

**W. MEARES, WILMINGTON, N. C., AND OTHERS.**—Our new Staunton Chess-men will soon be ready. When they are we will write you.

**THE BROOKLYN CHESS CLUB.**—At a large and enthusiastic meeting of Chess-players held at Bassford's Rooms, corner of Court and Remsen streets, on the 16th October, the Brooklyn Chess Club was entirely re-organized, by the adoption of a code of by-laws, and the election, unanimously, of the following gentlemen as officers for the coming year:

FREDERICK PERRIN, President.

THOMAS FRERE, Secretary.

CARLES W. SCHIFFER, Treasurer.

As we have many applications for forms of by-laws to be referred to in the formation of clubs throughout the country, we cannot do better than publish those of the Brooklyn Club, which are short and to the purpose. The less machinery the better. Three can attend to the business of a Chess club better than six or eight:

**ARTICLE 1.—TITLE.**—This organization shall be known as the "Brooklyn Chess Club."

**ARTICLE 2.—OFFICERS.**—The officers of this Club shall be a President, Secretary and Treasurer, forming together a general board of management. They shall be elected annually by ballot on the first Saturday in October.

**ARTICLE 3.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.**—The duties of the President shall be as usually appertain to that officer. The duties of the Secretary shall be to collect and carefully record the receipt of all dues, and pay the amount collected to the Treasurer, taking his receipt for the same; to conduct the correspondence of the Club, and to keep a registry of the members and their place of residence. The duties of the Treasurer shall be to receive all funds from the Secretary, giving his receipt for the same, keep a correct account thereof, and pay no bills nor claims until they be properly passed by the Board of Management and audited by the Secretary. The Board of Management may call business meetings of the Club when by them deemed advisable. At any business meeting seven members shall constitute a quorum.

**ARTICLE 4.—DUES.**—The annual subscription shall be two dollars, payable in advance, on the first Saturday in October. Persons whose dues remain unpaid for three months, unless in case of sickness or absence from the city, shall cease to be members.

**ARTICLE 5.—MEMBERS.**—The names of all persons desiring to become members shall be laid before the Board of Management, who may either admit such persons or refer them to the Club. In the latter case one ball black in four shall be sufficient to exclude them.

**ARTICLE 6.—VISITORS.**—Members shall have the privilege of introducing a friend for one evening only, or if not resident in the immediate vicinity of Brooklyn, for one month. The Board of Management shall also have power to issue visiting tickets to such Chess-players as may sojourn for a brief time in the city.

**ARTICLE 7.—HONORARY MEMBERS.**—Persons who have distinguished themselves by their services to the cause of Chess, or to the Club, may be elected honorary members by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any business meeting. But no more than five honorary members shall be elected in one year.

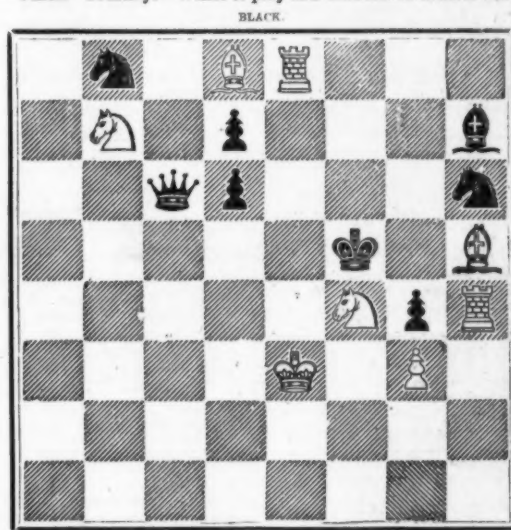
**ARTICLE 8.—ANNUAL REPORT.**—The Secretary shall cause to be published an annual report, containing a statement of the leading events of interest in connection with the Club for the year; a selection from the games played in the Club during the year; a list of the officers and members, and such other matter as he shall see fit to insert.

**ARTICLE 9.—LAWS OF THE GAME.**—The ninth Article embraces the laws of Chess as published in "Frere's Chess Hand-Book."

**ARTICLE 10.—ALTERATION OF BY-LAWS.**—These by-laws can be altered or amended only by an affirmative vote of two-thirds of the members present at a business meeting, and after two weeks' notice of the proposed alteration or amendment has been given.

The Club, as above organized, meets at Bassford's Rooms, corner of Court and Remsen streets, opposite the City Hall, every evening. The Chess rooms are also open for the accommodation of players during the day. All Chess-players, and those who wish to become such, are invited to enroll themselves as members. Annual dues, two dollars. Visitors to the city of New York or Brooklyn are heartily invited to pay the Club a visit without further invitation. They may be assured of meeting a cordial welcome, and find players who may at least be strong enough to interest them.

**PROBLEM 163.**—By S. LOYD; being the prize position in the "Union" Tourney.—White to play and checkmate in three moves.



**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—S. LOYD, Florence, N. J. Problems received, and will be inserted, as you request, in the new notation. That "William King" must make pretty good problems.—G. E. F., Alexandria, Va. Yours with solution received. Hope to hear from you frequently.—FLIM, Brooklyn. The mate can be given. You had better get Staunton's Hand-Book.—T. T. C., Nashville, Tenn. They play for a purse of five thousand dollars. Where the money comes from has nothing to do with the question as to how much they play for.—P. J. D., Hoboken. We have received no notice of your Club.—JOHN TANNER, N. O. Problems will be looked into. We have always had the same fears as you express.—THEOPHILUS FRENCH, Cincinnati, O. You are correct. We have sent you several papers, but have never received one in return.—JACOB ELSON, Philadelphia, Pa. The problems on file. Game will appear soon. Please let us have some others.—CHARLES A. SHAW, Providence, R. I. The type costs \$2 56 a set. We can get the number for you and the type.—T. M. BROWN, St. Louis, Mo. All right. The tournament is sound and progressing as fast as possible.—CRAHNE, St. Louis. Rather crabbed. Try it again.

**SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.**—W. B. M., Charleston, Mass. (The diagram of Brown's problem is correct); Dr. R., Philadelphia; P. J. D., Hoboken, N. J. (Incorrect solutions of Brown's problems, CLVI, have been received from several correspondents; try again); W. H. C. (is pretty near the mark); Paul Murin, Newark, O.; P. A. A., Jr., Charleston; G. E. F., Alexandria, Va.

**PROBLEM 164.** by E. A. B., Charleston, S. C. White to play and checkmate in two moves. White—b 33-37; d 86; e 32. Black—e 46; f 54-55.

**PROBLEM 165.** by K. J. B., CUMMINGS, Winterset, Iowa. White to play and checkmate in three moves. White—b 53-57; c 35-45; d 48; e 34. Black—e 46; d 66; e 55.

**PROBLEM 166.** by G. F. H., Jersey City, N. J. White to play and checkmate in four moves. White—a 16-85; b 27-38; e 77; d 57; e 47-53. Black—a 56-61; b 12; c 41-82; d 28; e 46; f 33-44-67-68-72-75.

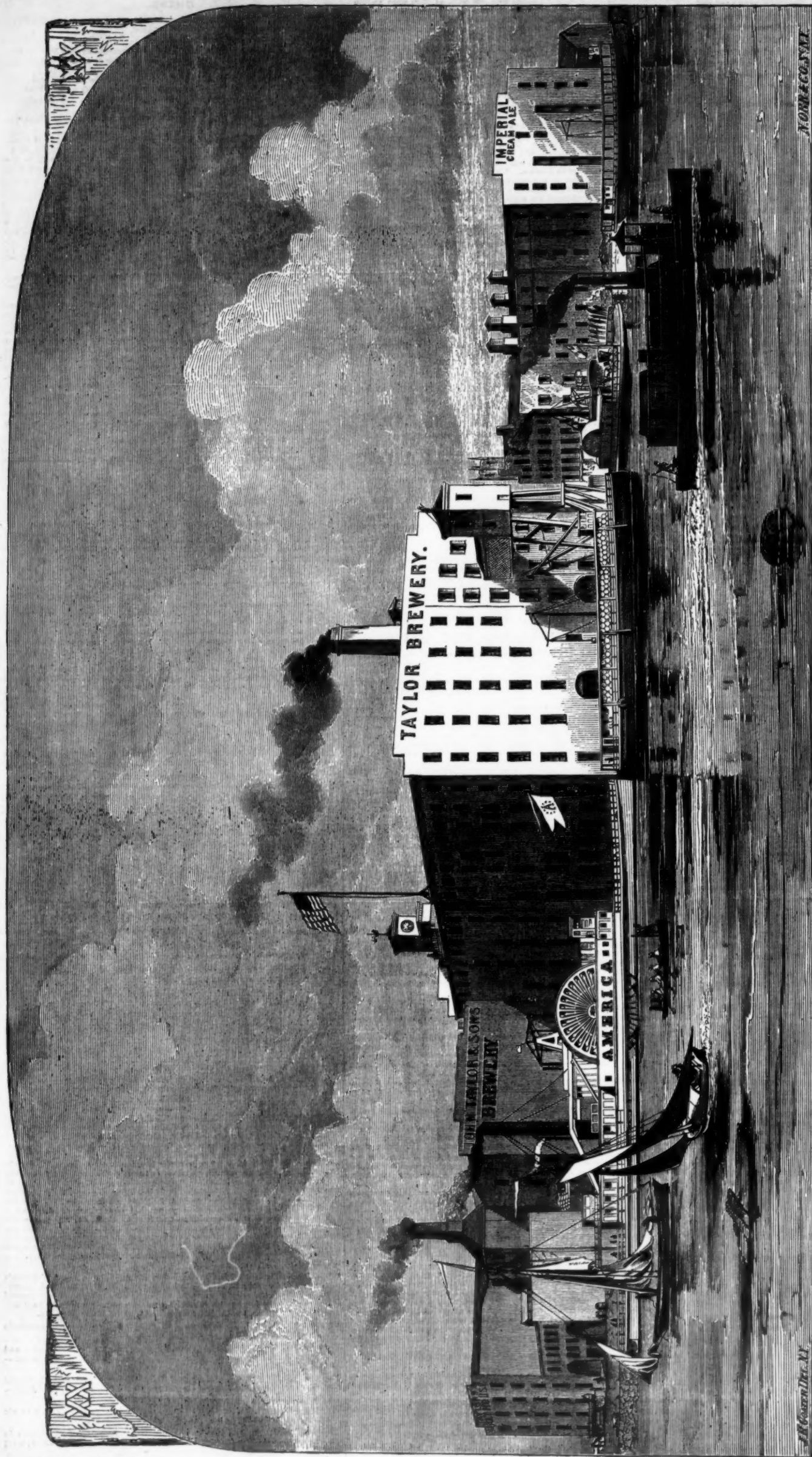
**PROBLEM 167.** by J. D., Portland, Me. White to play and checkmate in six moves. White—c 33-38; e 14; f 24-32-46. Black—e 34; f 64-76.

**PROBLEM 168.** by Dr. REID, Philadelphia. White to play and checkmate in three mates. White—b 24-74; c 34-46; e 62; f 23-27. Black—a 13-94; b 82; e 44.

For explanations of the above system of notation see last week's paper.

**SOLUTIONS.—PROBLEM 167.**—K to Q Kt 3; Q Kt 3 Q P; Q Kt 3 P (ch); K moves; Q or R mates, with variations according to Black's play. **PROBLEM 168.**—R to Q Kt 3; Kt to Kt 5; Q Kt 3 Kt; P to R 6; R to K 3 mate, with variations from Black's first move. **PROBLEM 169.**—R Kt 3 Kt (ch); P Kt 3 R; K to B 6; K to Kt 6; Q to Q 2; Any move; Mate, several variations. **PROBLEM 160.**—K to Kt 3; K to K 5; K to Kt 4; K to Q 5; K to B 6; K Kt 3 P; K to K 4 Mate. **PROBLEM 161.**—K Kt 3 R (ch); K to K 3 (best); R to K Kt 5; P Kt 3 R; R to Q 5; K Kt 3 R; Q to R 7 (ch); K Kt 3 Q; Q mates, with variations. **PROBLEM 162.**—R Kt 3 Q P; R Kt 3; Q to K Kt 5; B to K Kt 2; P to B 5 (Kt); R Kt 3 R; Q to B 4 (ch); R Kt 3 Q; Kt mates, with variations.





GREAT BREWERY OF JOHN TAYLOR &amp; SONS, ALBANY, N. Y.

**THE MANUFACTURE OF MALT LIQUOR,  
AS PURSUED AT THE GREAT ALBANY BREWERY  
Of Messrs. John Taylor & Sons.**

BY D. E. GAVIN.

THE fermented infusion of malted barley, flavored with hops, and denominated, according to its different degrees of strength or other peculiar qualities, as ale, beer, porter, stout, &c., is not only one of the most extensively consumed but also one of the most

healthy and beneficial beverages of man. When properly manufactured, and partaken of while in its perfect condition, its effects, in some measure, combine the virtues of water, of wine and of food, as it quenches thirst, stimulates, cheers and strengthens.

The art of making a fermented drink from some of the cereals appears to have been practised among nearly all nations, and at nearly all periods of the world's history. Of all the edible grains, barley is the best adapted to the making of beer, and it is curious to notice how early this experimental fact was discovered. Hero-

dotus, who wrote about 450 years B. C., states that the Egyptians made wine, as he calls it, from barley, because they had no vines. The Greeks also called their beer *barley-wine*. Dioscorides describes two kinds of beer made from barley. Tacitus states that in his time beer was the common drink of the Germans, as it is at the present day. Pliny says that all the nations of the west of Europe make an intoxicating liquor of corn and water. "The manner of making this liquor is sometimes different in Gaul, Spain and other countries, and it is called by many various different names; but its nature and properties are everywhere the same." Isidorus and Orosius describe the mode of manufacture adopted by the ancient Britons and other Celtic nations: "The grain is steeped in water, and made to germinate, by which its spirits are excited and set at liberty; it is then dried and ground, after which it is infused in a certain quantity of water, which, being fermented, becomes a pleasant, warming, strengthening and exhilarating liquor." A better definition of beer could scarcely be given at the present day.

Although the curious and even complicated processes of brewing have been in operation for several thousand years, it is only within the last half century that chemical science has enabled them to be thoroughly comprehended, while in the same period the vast advancements in the appliances of machinery have been taken advantage of in the largest establishments; thus, with a ripe experience, a system of manufacture can be pursued almost with the certainty of success in each consecutive effort. However, the pecuniary capital requisite to fully equip a first-class brewery is so great that very few establishments are furnished with all the latest improvements in machinery. We have understood that the well-known house of Barclay, Perkins & Co., of London, have no less than £10,000,000 sterling interested in their business. The Lion Brewery, also of London, is another extensive concern, and it being of comparative recent construction, embodies all the valuable features of a model modern brewery.

The purport of this article is to present a condensed description of the improved process of brewing malt liquor; and to render the subject more readily understood, in company with one of our most talented artists we lately visited the extensive brewery of Messrs. John Taylor & Sons, located at Albany, in this State; which establishment—not only from its capacity to produce on a large scale, but from its compactness, perfection of apparatus, superior systems of economy and cleanliness, combining in all its departments the advancements of the present day, as well as the acknowledged superior quality of the beverages it produces—can readily claim to be the most perfect on this continent.

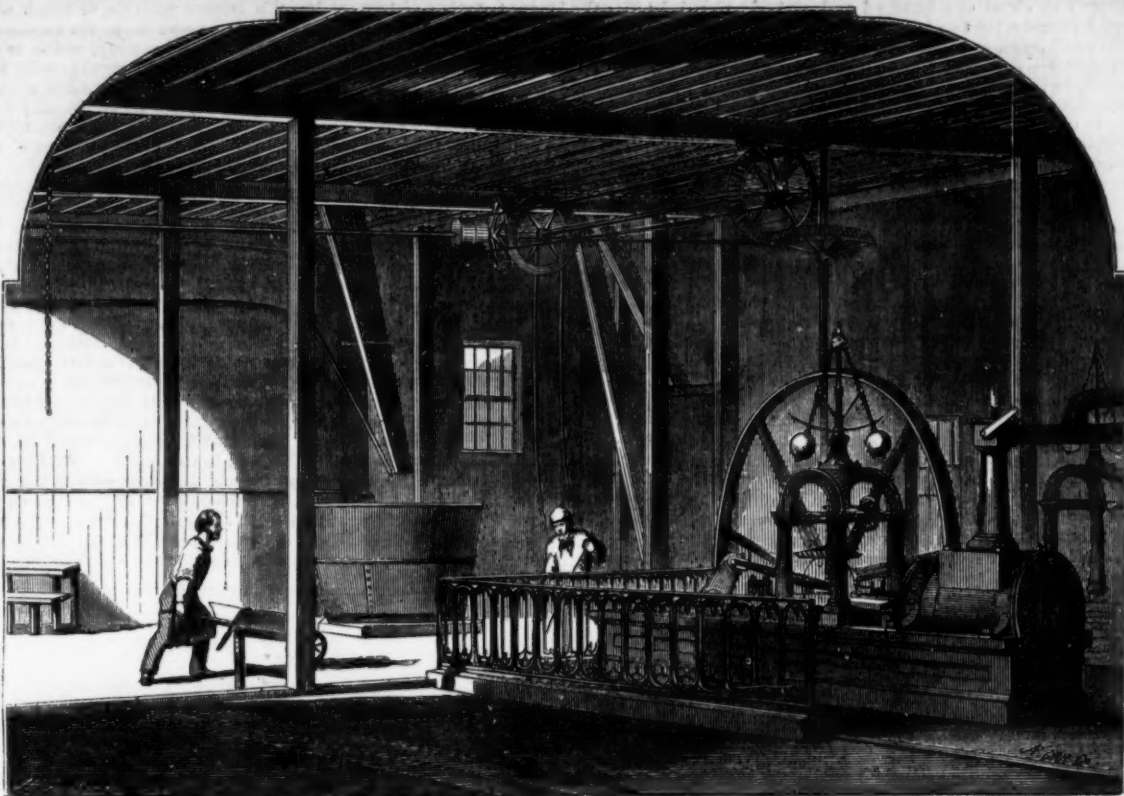
The senior partner of this house established the business in the year 1822. Although his means were limited, he resolved from the first not only to attempt the manufacture of the best quality of ale, but he also promised himself that, if his health and strength were spared, he would yet erect the most perfect manufactory for its production that energy, skill and capital could command. From various reasons the period of completing this long-cherished resolution was considerably extended; yet there can be but one sentiment in regard to its now most successful accomplishment. In the beginning, as has always been his custom, he purchased none but the finest grades of barley and hops the market afforded; these were manufactured with the greatest care and watchfulness. Nor was this course of proceeding without its reward. A few years only were required to earn a reputation which now extends even beyond our whole Union and the British American provinces.

In 1850, feeling that he had now ample means, and that his sons had acquired the skill and experience to relieve him of the immediate management, Mr. Taylor visited Europe and inspected most of the larger breweries of that country. During this extended examination everything novel, either in the machinery or the mode of operating, was carefully sketched and noted. In some cases the most elaborate mechanical drawings were completed by his own hand, and these, too, at times under the most unfavorable circumstances. After mature scrutiny and compari-



son he selected the Lion Brewery, of London, as his model, and returning to Albany his present desirable location was secured, and early in May, 1851, the corner stone of the new brewery was laid. It is located on the square bounded by Broadway, Ferry and Arch streets, and the Hudson river. The centre building, or brewery proper, is eighty by two hundred feet, and six stories, or about eighty feet in height. Its perfect adaptation and equipment for the purposes designed will be perceived as we proceed with our description of the manufacture of ale.

The principal articles used in the brewing of ale are two in number; first, barley, to form the sugar, and consequently the alcoholic portion of the liquor; second, hops, to communicate a peculiar flavor, and also to assist in its preservation. Preparatory to the process of brewing the barley is converted into malt, which proceeding combines three distinct operations. The steeping is performed in large wooden cisterns, which on being filled with water to a certain height the barley is shot in and allowed to remain from forty to fifty hours to macerate, when the water is drawn off and the barley, or *couch*, as it is now termed, is removed to an earthen floor and arranged in beds, or couches, to germinate. From ten to fourteen days are consumed by this operation, during which time the unceasing vigilance of the maltsters is in demand. The precise time for checking the growth of the grain is known by the appearance of the *plumula*, and on the germination being completed the batch is removed to a kiln, and thoroughly kiln-dried by artificial heat to stop all further growth, and enable it to be kept without change for future use at any time. Malt usually remains in the kilns about forty-eight hours. The singular chemical changes that take place during the malting are interesting. All grain contains a considerable portion of the well-known nutritive substance, starch or *fecula*. When grain begins to germinate a peculiar azotized substance named *diastase* (from the Greek, I separate), is formed, which possesses the remarkable property of converting the starch into a fermentable sugar. This change does not, however, immediately take place, for the starch is first changed into a gummy mucilaginous substance, largely soluble in water, named *dextrine*, which material does not ferment by the addition of yeast, but by the action of diastase it is readily converted into starch-sugar, which is fermentable. Thus in malting the grain is allowed to germinate until the diastase is largest, when by heat the vitality of the young plant is destroyed. The operation of a high temperature also serves another useful purpose, that of



ENGINE AND MASH ROOM, JOHN TAYLOR &amp; SONS' BREWERY, ALBANY, N. Y.

filled in two hours and a half. There are two brewing coppers for boiling the wort and hops; one holds one thousand, the other six hundred barrels. The wort is thrown from the coppers to the coolers by a three-throw gun metal pump, which latter is a marvellous piece of workmanship in perfection of design and finish. It was made from drawings by, and under the inspection of the elder Mr. Taylor. It discharges the liquor into the coolers at the rate of two hundred barrels per hour. There are two large mills for crushing malt. In all, about four hundred large wooden vessels are devoted to cleaning and refining purposes; these are made of white cedar, which is selected not only for its durability, but also for its peculiar cleanliness and adaptability; three hundred and sixty-five of these large vessels are called pontoons (see illustration); they are placed in one story, in regular rows, and are divided into five sets; between them troughs are arranged to carry off the yeast as it purges from the ale in the process of cleansing. This pontoon apparatus is one of the most important and sanitary yet introduced in brewing. Although in use in several of the largest establishments in Europe, the Messrs. Taylor have the only set on this side of the Atlantic; all manufacturers desire to adopt them; but, as by so doing, it becomes necessary to reconstruct their entire establishments, they are forced to dispense with them and continue the old dirty and slovenly hand process. We shall presently give a detailed account of the valuable features secured by using pontoons. In different parts of the building refrigerators are erected to facilitate the cooling of the wort; and in the racking cellar are two storing vats, each of which will hold six hundred barrels; a racking tub of one thousand barrels, and storage for ten thousand casks of ale (see illustration). Although our inventory is incomplete, yet the reader even from it must admit that the Messrs. Taylor have great facilities to produce their manufactures in large quantities.

But to return to the process of brewing. The malt is first ground, or rather crushed, into a coarse powder; from the mill it is conveyed to the mash tun; this is a large circular tub with a double bottom, the uppermost of which is a false bottom, and pierced with numerous holes; between the two there is a space of two or three inches, into which the stopcocks enter, for letting in the water and drawing off the wort; within the tun is fixed a peculiar rotary apparatus for agitating the crushed grain and water. After receiving the proper quantity of malt, water,



PONTON ROOM, JOHN TAYLOR AND SONS' BREWERY, ALBANY, N. Y.

making the sugar starch lose its gelatinous character, which greatly facilitates the action of the hot water in the mashing, one of the first processes of brewing.

Malting and brewing are distinct avocations, and from the fact that the manufacture of malt requires a large investment of capital, the majority of brewers purchase their supplies about as fast as they are consumed. The most successful in the business, however, knowing how much the quality and flavor of the ale depends upon the goodness of the malt, select their barley and malt it themselves. The Messrs. Taylor have three large malt-houses, respectively two hundred and twenty, two hundred and ten and one hundred and ninety feet in length; each of them is sixty feet in width, and from three to five stories in height; two have double, and the other treble floors; the whole having a capacity to malt two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of barley per annum.

Brewing consists of seven distinct processes, namely, grinding the malt, mashing or infusing with hot water, boiling the wort with the hops, straining, cooling, fermenting with the addition of yeast, and clearing; after which comes the storing, &c. Before pursuing the *modus operandi* in detail, we will again turn to the Taylor Brewery, and farther describe its enormous facilities for the various operations. The dimensions above given were of the main building only, which contains nearly all of the machinery; but the whole premises occupied by the Messrs. Taylor cover nearly all the two adjoining blocks, north and south, the total being about two acres in extent. Adjoining the main building, on the river front, is a fire-proof store-house seventy by forty feet square, and seven stories high; in this building elevators are erected which convey the grain from boats on the river to the bins on the top floor of the brewery, at the rate of one thousand bushels per hour.

One of our illustrations gives a view of the engine-room, where the two double-gear steam-engines—of fifty horse power, attached to seven hundred feet of shafting, for pumping, hoisting, grinding and driving all the labor-saving machines—are located. In the same illustration the enormous mash tuns, in which can be daily infused fifteen hundred bushels of malt, are also depicted. A wrought iron water tank, of the capacity of one thousand barrels, is situated in the sixth story; by the aid of one of Holly's patent rotary pumps, which forces the water from the river up a distance of ninety feet, this tank is readily



RACKING CELLAR, JOHN TAYLOR &amp; SONS' BREWERY, ALBANY, N. Y.



heated to about one hundred and sixty degrees, is let into the space between the two bottoms, and percolating upwards through the small holes, it mixes with the malt; when it is agitated so as to completely dissolve the sugar and to allow the diastase to react upon the starch, when the whole is allowed to stand covered for about two hours, and then the clear infusion of sweet wort, as it is now called, is drawn off into a vessel designated the underback, situated on a lower level than the mash tun, and where the master brewer, aided by a hydrometer, regulates its strength to the proper quality.

When graduated the wort is pumped into the copper for boiling. The copper is a close vessel, with a valve at the top loaded to allow the steam to escape at about two hundred and thirteen degrees. As soon as the wort is introduced into the copper, the proper proportion of hops is added, and the two boiled together until the mixture becomes clear; about three hours is required for this operation. It is necessary to keep the hops well stirred up during this time, to prevent them from settling at the bottom and burning; for this purpose a vertical rod passes into the copper through a stuffing box at the top, which rod terminates in a horizontal bar, carrying an extended chain, called a rouser, and both are kept in motion by being connected with the moving machinery of the brewery. The quantity of hops used varies with the quality of the beer, the season, the time of keeping, climate, &c.

The boiling having been completed, the contents of the coppers are let down into the hop-back; which is a cistern with a metal bottom, full of small holes, which acts as a strainer and separates the refuse hops from the wort. From the hop-back, as rapidly as possible, the liquor is pumped into the coolers, which are large shallow vessels, covering the whole of one of the upper floors of the brewery; in this story, instead of window-glass, large blinds are used in the openings for light and air, thus presenting a free circulation of air, no matter which quarter of the compass the wind is from. The beer is let into the coolers to the depth of about two inches. As the cooling must be effected as expeditiously as possible, in order to prevent acidification, or foxing, as the brewers term it, large horizontal fans, moving rapidly around, create a powerful draught over the surface; at other times the worts are passed through refrigerators and cooled with ice and other artificial means. If the worts are promptly cooled, the risk of foxing is greatly diminished.

When the worts are cooled down to about sixty degrees, they are discharged into the gyle or fermenting tuns—which are large circular vats or tubs bound with strong iron hoops and covered in all their parts, except each has a hole which may be opened to inspect the process or to clean out the tun—where the requisite quantity of yeast is added and the fermentation commences, during which operation a portion of the sugar in the wort is converted into alcohol. When the active fermentation is over, the head formed on the liquor in the tun would, if left to itself, subside; the effervescence would entirely cease, the liquor would become transparent; but, after a short time, a new set of changes would take place, the acetous fermentation would set in and the contents of the vat would be converted into vinegar. To prevent this, and at the same time to retain the alcohol, the aroma and bitter of the hop and the carbonic acid in solution, and to cleanse the ale of the minute particles of yeast, which are floating through it and render it muddy, it is racked off into vessels for cleansing and refining. These operations are very important to the future quality and flavor of the ale; and although a dirty, unpleasant and somewhat disgusting process in most establishments, yet at the Taylor Brewery, by the aid of the pontoons before mentioned, it is accomplished in the most regular, clean and orderly manner; there the beer is racked from the gyle tuns to large parachute tubs, in the third story, and passes from them into the pontoons situated in the story immediately below; floats are so arranged to open and shut the valves, that the liquor in the pontoons is always at the same height, independent of the flow of yeast in the receiving troughs. This cleansing is the final process of brewing, and, on its completion, the ale is pumped from the pontoons to the storing vats, or into casks ready for market. It is now tightly bunged down, so that the carbonic acid, which is still generated in small quantities, may be retained by mechanical pressure in the beverage, and impart to it that sprightliness, sharpness and foaming head which are so much admired.

The production of ale and porter cannot be accomplished without the finest qualities of malt and hops; next to these the scientific and mechanical experience of the master brewer is the desideratum; but few are aware of the vast importance of thorough systems of regularity and cleanliness, which can only be secured by taking advantage of all the latest improvements in construction and machinery. In the Taylor brewery there is over two miles of pipes and other leaders used in conducting the liquor to vessels in every portion of the building, yet so perfect is the arrangement that pipe, tun, cask or vessel of any kind, or in any location, can be reached with hot or cold water almost at a moment's notice, and as all are completely cleansed at each brewing, they are always sweet and in the most perfect order. Again, at no time the fluids come in connection with the hands or persons of the operatives, conveying, racking and filling being all effected by pipes, hose and other mechanical contrivances.

Between Ferry street and the main building, fronting on Broadway, is a two-story edifice two hundred by fifty feet, a large portion of which is used for coopering, cleansing and steaming casks and barrels; the steaming apparatus was imported from Europe, and is probably one of the most effective ever built. After placing a row of barrels in position the steam is driven completely through the staves, one inch in thickness, in ten minutes after its application. On the main story the front of this building is occupied by the counting-house and private offices of the proprietors. In the upper story is situated a fire-proof apartment, fifty feet square, to which the elder Mr. Taylor is much devoted, and where he spends many of his leisure hours. It is the library of the establishment, and contains somewhat more than ten thousand volumes, the most of which are rare and valuable works on the practical sciences, history, biography and literature in general. Mr. Taylor has spent more than forty years in accumulating this great intellectual treasure. Many of the works he most highly prizes he purchased at the sale of the collection of Ex-Governor De Witt Clinton.

On the Broadway front of the brewery stands a tower, the top of which is one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the street, and from which can be had a fine view of the cities of Albany and Troy, as well as of the surrounding country. In this tower a superior clock with glass dials, six feet in diameter, has lately been erected. This clock, which is from Messrs. Reeve & Co., the justly celebrated horologists, at the corner of Centre and Canal streets in this city, is a superb specimen of handicraft, and will probably be remembered by many of our readers as the one long exhibited in the main aisle of the Crystal Palace, where it was awarded the highest premiums, both medal and diploma. The glass dials were manufactured by John Keris, of the American Plate Glass Company, Williamsburg, N. Y. A mate of this clock was some time since erected on the United States Armory at Springfield, Mass., where, we understand, it is now the acknowledged standard for city time. The Taylor clock not only strikes the hour, but the bell (which is from the world-renowned factory of the Messrs. Meneely, at West Troy, N. Y.), is regularly rung at the hours of commencing and quitting work. That section of Albany being emphatically the

manufacturing district renders this feature valuable, so much so that the Common Council, by resolution, voted to pay the expense and request the Messrs. Taylor to illuminate nightly, which request the firm courteously complied with. We were present a short time since when the illuminated clock was inaugurated. The occasion was graced by the presence of his honor the Mayor, many other of the city officials, representatives of the press and a number of the most prominent citizens. The sentiment expressed on this occasion must have been most grateful to the feelings of the Messrs. Taylor, and was a convincing proof of the high estimation they are held by their friends and fellow-citizens in general.

The enterprising firm of John Taylor & Sons, besides the father, consists of Messrs. Joseph B., Edmund B. and William H. Taylor, all of whom have been brought up to the business, and either has had the requisite experience to maintain the reputation of their beverages, which unquestionably stand unrivalled by any others produced in this country. The whole capital invested in real estate, machinery and materials is nearly five hundred thousand dollars, and the capacity of the establishment to produce is over two hundred thousand barrels per annum. The firm own a line of barges, and do the most of their freighting between the brewery and their depôts in New York and Boston. In the former their office is at 356 Greenwich street, in the latter at 286 Commercial street. They also have agents in every seaboard, and most of the inland towns of the Union. They have a most extensive sale throughout the United States. Those who enjoy a glass of superior ale, and are fortunate enough to get Taylor's best "XX Pale," will ever thereafter desire none other.

#### IT WAS NOT IN THE WINTER.

It was not in the winter  
Our loving lot was cast;  
It was the time of roses—  
We plucked them as we passed!  
That churlish season never frowned  
On early lovers yet!  
Oh, no—the world was newly crowned  
With flowers when first we met.  
'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,  
But still you held me fast;  
It was the time of roses—  
We plucked them as we passed!  
What else could peer my glowing cheek  
That tears began to stud?  
And when I asked the like of love,  
You snatched a damask bud—  
And oped it to the dainty core,  
Still glowing to the last;  
It was the time of roses—  
We plucked them as we passed!

#### CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILE.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

##### THE BERTAUDIÈRE.

CHAPTER XVI.—A VISIT TO VERSAILLES—MADAME DE MAINTENON—THE SUPPLIANT.

FROM the Palais des Thermes and Jacques, alias the Emperor Julian, the reader must convey himself to Versailles—Versailles the magnificent—with her countless halls and galleries, her marble staircases, her gorgeous saloons and boudoirs, her cascades and *chateaux d'eau*, her parks, with their green slopes, limpid lakes and interminable vistas, thickly planted with teils, poplar, beech and horse-chestnut trees.

In her boudoir, situated on the opposite side of the same landing as the suite of apartments occupied by her royal consort, sat Françoise d'Aubigné de Maintenon, attended by her old female servant, Babbien, the former listlessly sipping chocolate, served in a rich Sevres porcelain cup, the latter deeply absorbed in the nice adjustment of her august mistress's tiny slipper.

The great clock of the palace had just chimed noon, but although a clear, frosty day, with a bright sun shining in an almost brighter sky, scarcely a crepuscular light illuminated the elegant apartment adorned by her presence.

Although she had just completed her thirteenth lustre, time had laid a light finger on her beauty and increase of years, whilst it had more than matured, had scarcely impaired her personal charms. Her symmetrical figure, inclined to embonpoint, was remarkable for gracefulness and elegance, whilst her fine expressive countenance betrayed few signs of the encroachments of age; her deep blue eyes still sparkled with youthful vivacity; her dark chestnut hair, smoothly platted in broad bands over her fair forehead and turned up loosely behind into a *chignon*, fastened by massive gold pins set with jewels, was abundant and unsilvered; her lips plump and rosy; her teeth, too, as she now and then addressed her attendant, peeped up through her well-formed, smiling mouth, regular and white, looking, not like two rows of pearls, but like the very whitest teeth that ever adorned the mouth of a young beauty vain of her dental attractions. The expression of her face was thoughtful, nay, even grave, though devoid of any approach to austerity, a character of benevolence pervading it that spoke at once to the heart, prepossessing the affections in her favor; still there existed with it a certain haughtiness of manner, an intensity of gaze, that betrayed the spirit within, the existence of an indomitable will, an inflexibility of decision, which, once adopted, either for a good or a baneful end, would pursue its object in spite of every obstacle opposed to its attainment. Such was Madame de Maintenon, the consort of Louis Quatorze.

Many and contradictory are the opinions and reports transmitted to posterity with respect to her character, but whilst the veil has been raised from her weakness, the same hands have cast a thick mantle over her virtues.

Born within the sombre walls of a prison, and nursed in the lap of trouble, she appears to have been predestined to experience the frowns and the favors of fortune to an almost unprecedented extent.

Transported to the American continent when only three years of age, the negligence of a domestic nearly occasioned her a frightful death. A servant left the child on the banks of the river, during her absence a large serpent attacked her, from whose fangs she was saved only by a miracle; the domestic returning hastily, startled the reptile, which crept away, leaving the infant unharmed. At twelve she found herself an orphan, a dependant upon the charity of a near relative, whose harshness caused her joyfully to accept the offer of marriage made to her by Paul Scarron, the burlesque writer and wit. A wife at sixteen—the wife, too, of a man whose body was as deformed as his mind was noble and elevated, her beauty attracted notice, whilst her talents and superior intellectual attainments, nurtured and matured by her husband, distinguished her amongst the choicest of Parisian society, who sought her company with emulative eagerness. A widow at twenty-five years of age, without fortune, not even enjoying the modest pension of fifteen hundred livres that the king's bounty had conferred upon her late husband, she lived retired, unknown, almost forgotten, for the space of two years, when the monarch, at the request of Madame de Montespan, the reigning favorite, granted her an annuity of two thousand livres, upon which she again emerged into the world, the centre of a select circle of admiring friends.

It is more than probable that Madame Scarron would never have been personally introduced to the notice of Louis Quatorze but for the circumstance of the Duke du Maine, his son by Madame de Montespan, being born with a deformity of the foot, for the treatment of which he proceeded with him to the Barège spa, where a confidential person was sought to whom the child might be en-

trusted. The king remembered Madame Scarron, and through the agency of Monsieur de Louvois, proposed that she should undertake the care and education of the duke. From this period she corresponded regularly with his majesty—her letters pleased him—her merit completed her fortune.

In this instance a deformed foot kicks down the formidable barrier between royalty and plebeianism—a sickly infant's hand lifts a pauper girl into the regal marriage-bed.

Strange to say, Louis Quatorze could not at first habituate himself to Madame Scarron, but his aversion faded by degrees and grew into confidence, his confidence to love. Madame de Montespan daily lost favor in his eyes, Madame Scarron daily gained. Become Madame de Maintenon by right of possession of the estate so named, which she had lately purchased, and convinced of the monarch's passion for her, there sprung up between them an extraordinary interchange of tenderness on his part—of ambition and devotion on hers. In 1683 the queen of Louis Quatorze died; in 1686 he espoused de Maintenon.

Louis appears to have taken this step advisedly; he had attained his forty-eighth year, Madame de Maintenon her fifty-second, both past the age when love rules triumphant over every other sentiment; the fire, too, of his youthful passions was now nearly extinguished. He had in turn adored and repudiated, besides many others, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, Mademoiselle de Mancini, Marie de Mancini, her sister, who afterwards married the Comte de Colonne, the Baroness de Beauvais, Mademoiselle d'Argencourt, the beautiful Mademoiselle de la Vallière, whom he quitted for the blandishment of Madame la Marquise de Montespan, the co-rival of Mademoiselle de Fontange, and of the accomplished and fascinating widow of Paul Scarron. The extreme beauty and youth of Mademoiselle de Fontange, coupled with the birth of a son, which she bore the king, for a time distracted his attention from Madame de Maintenon, who, although daily gaining favor to the detriment of Madame de Montespan, was still far from holding the first place in his fickle affections. On the demise, however, of De Fontange and her infant, in 1681, she began to assume the ascendancy over her remaining rival, who now scarcely possessed a heart satiated with her and tired of her continual murmurs.

The secret of Madame de Maintenon's empire over the affections, or rather the habits, of Louis Quatorze, consisted in the charms of her mental acquirements rather than of her person, though the latter were of remarkable potency. Her mind, liberally endowed by nature, had been cultivated by reading, and by frequenting the company of the first literary men of the day; she possessed an exhaustless fund of anecdote, a constant flow of wit and pleasantry, which, directed by her excellent judgment, shone with tenfold brilliancy in sprightly repartees; her conversation, unaffected and insinuating, scintillated with vivacity and sense; she wrote with a peculiar ease and grace, her style, self-formed, being a compound of art and nature, elegantly harmonized; thus the dissipated monarch found Madame de Maintenon to possess a union of graces that he vainly sought in his other mistresses, and though his infidelities to her were numerous, he always returned to her more captivated than ever.

Acquainted with Louis's innermost thoughts; and ever on the alert to forestall his secret wishes, hers was often the indirect channel through which they were accomplished, although with a pride that few in her position would not have sacrificed to vanity, she never assumed the credit of the act; in two instances, however, this heroic modesty did not avail. Louis's determination to revoke the edict of Nantes, though mainly due to the intrigues of the Romish clergy, was in a great measure influenced by her zeal against a creed that she had abjured, whilst her misguided enthusiasm engendered that barbarous law, by virtue of which Calvinist children of tenderest years were snatched from their parents' bosoms and compelled, young as they were, to abjure their infant belief ere almost their tongue could lisp the name of Divinity.

To see Madame de Maintenon, as she sat in her boudoir, and to hear her chat with her waiting woman upon the relative properties of pomatums, cosmetics, perfumes, scented waters, and other luxurious trifles, as though her only study were the toilet, one could hardly suppose her to be the woman who was silently directing an intrigue intended to counteract the united diplomacy of Europe, converting a state affair into a case of conscience by engendering religious scruples in the weak mind of a dying monarch.

Here she was, in her dishabille, consisting of a morning wrapper of the finest textured cambric, elaborately embroidered down the front, the hem being further enriched by a double flounce of exquisite Venice lace, as were the sleeves, which, large and hanging, left her arms bare to the elbow, displaying their symmetry and dazzling whiteness.

"Well, Babbien!" exclaimed she, addressing her domestic, and at the same time casting a side glance at her foot; "how dost thou like the pattern?"

"Madame la Duchesse de Chartres," replied Babbien, "says that she shall introduce the fashion of wearing embroidered velvet slippers for morning visits and carriage promenades."

"Indeed!" responded her mistress, smiling; "then we shall soon have embroidered toques and coifs; the Marquise de Beauvais will introduce them from a spirit of opposition; their rivalry always shows itself in extremes."

"The Marquise is a coquette," observed the domestic, tossing her head contemptuously.

Babbien, in obedience to her mistress's injunctions, closed the curtains against a stray sunbeam which had inadvertently cast a reflection upon two or three scarcely perceptible wrinkles in her mistress's face.

"Madame has a red spot on her chin," observed she, after accomplishing her task; "shall I cover it with a patch?"

"Do!" replied de Maintenon, subjecting her face to the operation.

The confidential domestic extracted from a small box a number of pieces of black sticking-plaster, of divers magnitudes and forms, and selecting one from among them, adjusted it over the offensive pimple with a dexterity that savored of long practice.

"Well!" remarked she, when she had fixed the artificial beauty-spot, "I must say that a black patch looks better than a red pimple, but they never will become madame unless she consents to wear powder."

Her mistress shook her head, and smiling, answered:

"Powder, Babbien, suits young complexions best; but I am of thy opinion, that patches ought to go with it. No one thought of wearing them though until poor De Fontange's charming little mole came into repute; then everybody patched, because she had a black spot on her face; had she been born with a wart on her nose instead, I do believe our coquettes would have paid a premium to possess its fellow."

At this moment a knock came at the door, and Babbien admitted a domestic.

"A young lady desires to speak with madame," said he, bowing.

"Who is she?" asked his mistress.

"A stranger to me, madame; she says she comes from Paris on very important business."

"See who it is, Babbien," said Madame de Maintenon, "if 'tis no one particular I am not visible this morning."

The domestics withdrew, but very shortly after the female attendant returned, followed by a young girl enveloped in a travelling cloak of black velvet, the hood of which, thrown back, left her bare head exposed; advancing with great trepidation towards Madame de Maintenon, who rose as she entered, she exclaimed, at the same time casting herself at her feet, and conveying to her lips the hand extended encouragingly to greet her:

"Pardon this intrusion upon your privacy, madame, and condescend to grant me a brief audience."

"Rise, my child," soothingly responded Madame de Maintenon, "and tell me what has brought thee to Versailles?"



Babbien placed a chair for the stranger, and courtesying low, retired into the inner chamber, closing the door after her, but immediately applying her ear to the keyhole.

"Now, my child, be seated," continued Madame de Maintenon, setting the example, and drawing the maiden's chair near her own; "thou hast come hither from Paris, they tell me. What is thy name?"

"Jeanne de St. Aune," tremblingly replied the visitor. Madame de Maintenon reflected a moment, then shaking her head, responded,

"De St. Aune! I don't remember the name; yet I know every noble family in Paris."

"You may perhaps remember the name of Debourges," observed Jeanne, "Constance Debourges?"

"The companion of my younger days!" exclaimed Madame de Maintenon, with sudden animation.

"My mother, madame," said Jeanne, the tears filling her eyes as she spoke.

"Thy mother!" ejaculated the former; "come, my child, let me embrace thee;" here she kissed her affectionately on both cheeks, continuing, "'tis more than thirty years ago since we parted from each other; is she still alive?"

"She has been dead these seventeen years, madame," replied Jeanne; "but my father is living, and I have a sister; but—" She could say no more, for sobs and a gush of tears choked her utterance.

"And what of thy sister, my charming girl?"

"Oh, madame, they have taken her to the Bastille," continued Jeanne, hysterically, reclining her head upon Madame de Maintenon, who, affected by the maiden's sorrow, had clasped her to her bosom.

"To the Bastille!" exclaimed she; "but that is horrible! Who imprisoned her, and what is her offence?"

"She was forcibly carried off from our house, at night, and conveyed thither, madame," replied Jeanne, "but she voluntarily consented to remain there, as a hostage for my father."

"Did they then arrest him also?" inquired the other. "But tell me—how earnest thou to seek me?"

"These letters, madame, which I found some years ago amongst my mother's effects, informed me of your early intimacy; see! here are two, from yourself to Marie-Jeanne Debourges, and here is one written by my mother and addressed to me. I have treasured it as her dying gift."

Madame de Maintenon took the letters and perused them.

"Thy mother was right, my child," said she at length; "our friendship was indeed sincere, although circumstances removed me to a sphere unsuited to her retired habits; she quitted Paris for the province; we lost sight of each other, or rather I lost sight of her, for this letter proves that I was in her thoughts, even at the hour of her dissolution. But in thee she lives again, and I will be thy protectress, my child, and thy sister's; so dry thy tears and tell me thy troubles."

Encouraged by the kind tone and manner of Madame de Maintenon, Jeanne ventured to return her embrace, and proceeded to detail the adventures that had happened to her and her sister since their arrival—the particulars of her father's arrest and incarceration—the scene that took place in the Bastille, in the presence of the Duke of Chartres—her father's return home—his despondency at the insuccess of his measures to place himself beyond the pale of D'Argenson's persecution—and lastly, her resolution to solicit, unknown to him, the assistance of her mother's early friend.

The consort of Louis Quatorze listened with profound attention to the maiden's recital, but a frown darkened her brow, and she shook her head, on hearing the name of D'Argenson coupled with that of the Duke of Chartres.

"D'Argenson," said she, as her *protegé* made an end, "is a base and wicked man; he is a man to be hated, but he is a man to be feared. Philip D'Orleans is an unprincipled debauchee; he is to be despised; but rest assured, my child, that I will strive to serve thy sister's cause, and to procure her liberation. Let me see thee a week hence, and accept this as an earnest of my sincerity."

So saying, she drew from off her own finger a ring set with brilliants of the first water, and placing it on Jeanne's, affectionately embraced her. The maiden was too much affected to thank her patroness, who, ringing a small silver hand-bell, summoned Babbien.

As Babbien emerged from her observatory, Madame de Maintenon again embraced Jeanne, saying, "Adieu, my child! adieu! and remember, come to me in a week from this time!" She then arose, conducted her to the door, and bidding her attendant to see her into the ante-chamber, waved her hand to Jeanne, who departed, too much overpowered to utter a word.

(To be continued.)

## EDITH LANDOR.

"You are indifferent enough to our future, Edith," said a young man, who stood as if taking leave of a lady, whose eyes were averted from him.

Perhaps the indifference with which he charged her was assumed, for could he have looked into her eyes he would have seen that they were full of tears. She turned partly round as he said this, and went on with something she was saying when he interrupted her with the above unkind remark.

"We are both poor, Frederick," she replied. "For yourself, you ought to go away unaccompanied by new cares, so that you may be free to go wherever your interest calls you. For me, I must perform duties which you cannot, ought not to share. My father is an old man—twenty years older for this last misfortune. Even this pretty cottage, the beautiful toy which he bought as a birthday present to my mother when we were living at the great house yonder, is not ours. But if it please God to smile upon my efforts, it shall be. Leave me to the task. Let me make my father's declining days comfortable and happy; otherwise, depend on it, no blessing will fall upon our love."

"Our love, Edith!" returned the young man. "If you loved could you condemn me to this banishment without sharing it?"

"Listen, Frederick," said the young girl; "you have often told me with a brother's pride of the beautiful devotion of your sister Helen to your mother in her feeble old age, and how nobly she had refused to leave her when tempted by offers of marriage and a luxurious home. And shall I be blamed for what you love and praise in another? Nay, do not interrupt me. I am young, strong and healthy; my education is good, thanks to the father whom you counsel me to leave. Leave me three years to win back this little home for him, and surround him with the comforts so necessary to his feeble health and declining age. We are both young—shall be young at the end of the three years. At that time, if you are true to me and to yourself, I will be your wife. Always that you will not separate me from my father."

The young man smiled faintly as he replied, "I suppose I must be contented with this, Edith; but it is very hard to bear. However, I must say that you are right. And now let us not prolong this parting, for I feel that I shall only find relief from this heavy burden on my spirits by the turmoil and excitement that await me on shipboard."

Edith nerved herself to the farewell, assured him again and again that he would be successful, and then, when she saw the last glimpse of his figure as it passed through the shrubbery of the little garden, she fled to her own room to shed the tears so long suppressed. But when the first burst of grief was over she rose up from it calm and cheerful, and joined her father as if nothing had happened. Every little delicacy for his failing appetite came to the table at dinner, prepared by her own hands as usual; and no one who saw her sitting down to read to her father, and to chat at intervals upon common topics, as he suggested them, could have imagined that she had just parted with a dear friend.

Edith's father, Mr. Landor, had become very wealthy at one time by the unprecedented demand for new and fast ships for the Californian and Australian lines. He had built at almost ruinous rates, until other competitors came in, who with their less costly built vessels, destroyed the sale of his own, leaving him with only the shadow of his former prosperity, and heavy debts lying on his hands. Added to this was the sickness and death of his wife, and the consequent neglect of his business for some months, in which his creditors became clamorous for their dues. To meet them he sacrificed everything. The beautiful residence which his taste had adorned and embellished, his fine grounds, all went under the hammer; and had it not been for the thoughtful care of a friend, even the little cottage which, as Edith said, was a birthday present to her mother, who wanted it for her old nurse, would have been sacrificed too; but the friend bought it at a generous price; and more generously his pride by offering it gratuitously.

Edith Landor had, long before her father's downfall, nay, long before his previous elevation, engaged herself to a young man who had acted as his clerk.

When Mr. Landor became rich Edith's sense of honor as well as her real regard for Frederick Ashton, forbade her listening to the suggestions of her friends that a childish attachment should give place to a higher prospect. Her character was too upright and just to admit of this, and especially when she considered that his prospects were merged also in the gloomy reverses that enveloped theirs. A chance offered him to go to Australia, and Edith persuaded him to accept it. It brought him hopes of future wealth, and meantime she set herself the worthy task of redeeming a comfortable home for her beloved father. The old nurse who had inhabited the cottage while the rent was a gift from Mrs. Landor, was only too glad to remain with Edith, and thus their household was subjected to no curious, prying servants, who would have perhaps scorned the very hand that once gave them food.

Edith's plan was for a large school for young ladies, of which she was to be the superintendent. A limited number was announced for the commencement, but it soon became so distinguished as to make the applications more numerous than she could possibly answer. With some trials and disappointments incident to all such undertakings she managed to keep a cheerful face, and the hours devoted to her father were marked even by joyousness. So well did she keep up the appearance of wealth and comfort that Mr. Landor, whose intellect was weakened by his first great shock, never suspected that things were actually so desperate as they had been, and often congratulated her upon their good fortune in preserving the cottage from the general wreck. He wondered why she should spend so much time away from him every forenoon, but was easily satisfied; and when she left him again after dinner he was generally fast asleep, and she had the happiness of knowing that he was insensible to her absence. Besides, the old nurse was unwearied in her care of him; and altogether, Edith was very far from being either dependent or unhappy.

Letters from Australia were rarely received, and after a while they ceased altogether. But Edith's love, although singularly calm and undemonstrative, was not to be moved by an appearance of neglect, and she accordingly turned a deaf ear to the many offers which she received. Some of these were from rich widowers whose daughters were under her care; some from her pupils' brothers, and not a few were from the acquaintances of her prosperous days. She declined them all, but without naming her previous engagement.

Two years went by, and Edith, by strict economy in her own personal expenses, had cleared the cottage and held a considerable sum besides for contingencies. She was now an independent woman, her darling wish accomplished, and a home secured for her father, almost beyond the possibility of loss; at least, during his lifetime. Beyond that she neither looked nor cared. She took more rest now, leaving many of her duties to the care of deputies, and this time of rest she faithfully devoted to her father.

She had altered within these two years. Her girlish, slightly formed figure had attained more fullness and dignity; her face had deepened in expression, and her manners, though simple as ever, had grown into a perfect self-command, but without a shadow of assumption or boldness. Her dress was becoming her station, neither meanly parsimonious nor gaudily rich. There was perhaps too much of what some call haughtiness in her it was only self-possession, and the consequence of having no protector to lean upon. At any rate, she had far outgrown the Frederick Ashton that she knew two years ago; but as yet she was unconscious that she had done so.

She had recently met with a gentleman who, had she not previously given all her thoughts to another, would have completely answered the description of her *beau idéal* of a lover. No longer young, yet in the full prime of manly beauty, his person was but the faint shadow of his mind. He had seen the world without acquiring its follies, and was singularly just and upright in all his opinions and dealings with others. He took the best road to Edith's favor—spending hours with her father while she was at her school, amusing the dull ear by descriptions of far off lands, and pleasing the old man by reading to him his favorite books. Soon Mr. Landor came to be uneasy without his new friend; and when Edith returned from her daily task it was always to find Mr. Cleveland beside her father.

Now came the expression of his desire always to be with her, cheering her with this labor of love; the offer of a new home, rich and luxurious, or the alternative of her own if she preferred the simplicity of the cottage. Edith laid her whole life before him, her affection with Frederick Ashton, and his jealous doubts of her love. It was an engagement entered into voluntarily, she told him, by herself, and should never be cancelled by her means. With a gentle sorrow, touched and beautified by dignity, he made no remonstrance; but nothing alienated as a friend, he still bestowed his cares upon Mr. Landor, still acted as a friend to Edith. So another and another year wore away.

They were all three sitting one evening in the beautiful little parlor of the cottage, Mr. Landor looking younger and more intelligent than he had done since his misfortunes. Edith was not near him, for Mr. Cleveland was explaining some new experiment to her father, and she chose to sit apart, lastly cutting the leaves of a new book, and glancing over it with more than her usual abstraction. She could not remember that four years this very night she had bidden farewell to Frederick Ashton, and his long neglect smote on her heart with a pain such as she knew herself incapable of giving to him. She saw not the words in the book before her. She saw nothing but his sad face at the moment he left her. Her nurse entered with a letter, the handwriting of which sent her speedily to her chamber. It ran thus:

"When we parted, Edith, I was as much in love with you as ever, though inwardly vexed at your want of emotion. I heard from you but once; yet I do not reproach you with that, for I know how many chances occur to prevent us from receiving letters that are actually sent. But I thought of you always. Yet I must confess to you that had your character been more feminine, less independent, and more easily guided by my wishes, I should have loved you better without respecting you less. In the wilds of Australia I found one as gentle, as clinging and dependent as my highest thoughts of feminine character could be. I will not describe to you how it came about that I discovered that she loved me, but hasten to the relation of the fact that may not surprise you, or it may, that she became my wife. I do not believe that this announcement will call up a single regretful feeling in your heart. One who could part so coldly would not be very likely to suffer at the dissolution of a bond so slightly worn. I have arrived here with my wife, am at the Albion hotel, and should be happy to call on you and your father if agreeable."

"I remain, your sincere friend, F. ASHTON."

How this affected Edith may perhaps be guessed by the following note: "Without referring to the past, let me congratulate you on your arrival, and the happy circumstances under which you return. Come to us this very evening. You and your bride shall find a cordial welcome from"

"EDITH LANDOR."

They did come, Ashton and his "clinging, dependent" bride. Edith admired the gentle little creature who made Frederick her sole arbiter upon all points of conversation, deferred to all his opinions, and seemed to think him very wonderful, altogether. This was the right key to unlock Frederick's heart. He had often wished that Edith knew less than she did.

"You are a most insensible young lady," said Cleveland to her after they were gone away. "And so this is the devoted lover for whom I was refused?" Edith looked at the noble countenance before her, and wondered how she could have so outraged her own judgment as to trust to Frederick's weak and vacillating qualities.

"Was your engagement to him the role cause of your refusal?" he asked.

"Nay, you must not be too inquisitive," she answered. "Perhaps I feared that you would keep me in awe, as Frederick does his little wife."

"No, Edith, no," he replied. "It was your noble independence, removed alike from unfeminine boldness as it was from childish dependence, that attracted me towards you. Frederick Ashton was not your lover. He was taken by your face, but he had neither soul nor mind to appreciate yours. I saw that in the brief half hour he sat here."

Edith sat unmoved for a few moments, then said, "Still, one cannot root up a long-cherished expectation without some feeling of pain."

"But may it not be consoled?" asked Cleveland, smiling. "Oh, Edith, suffer me to be the consolator!"

There was no audible answer; and Mr. Landor, leaning in his easy chair, dreamed not of the blessed compact which was making in his presence, and which is now proving itself too happy in its completion for our pen to describe.

## THE HAUNTED BED.

"Why, Betty, if here isn't Mr. Ponsonby at the door with his luggage, I'll be whipped," cried the head waiter at the Hotel, at Cowes, on the evening preceding the regatta.

"Mr. Ponsonby! you don't say so! and I'd given him up, and just put that weak-minded gent, as come at ten o'clock, into 42, Mr. Ponsonby's room, as I call it; and there's not a bed to be had in Cowes for love or money."

"What's that you say, Betty?" said the new-comer; "not another bed but mine, eh?"

"That's it, sir," replied Betty; "I kept it for you till the last train; now as that has been in an hour, I give you up, sir. What will you do?"

"Awkward!" exclaimed Ponsonby; "the old clock in the room will break its heart; but I must sleep on a sofa."

"Not one disengaged, sir," said the waiter.

"No, sir," added Betty, "not one, sir. There are four small children put to bed in a chest of drawers now in 24. We let everything before we would let 42."

"That's the gent that's got your room," whispered John, as he ushered Mr. Ponsonby into the coffee-room.

The person alluded to was a very mild, milky-looking young gentleman of twenty-one. His present position was evidently a new one, for he was constantly employed in pulling up his shirt-collars and using his toothpick.

"John," said Ponsonby, "I must have a bed. Bring me a broiled bone and a glass of brandy-and-water, and put them on the table next to the young gentleman, whilst I speak to Betty."

What the nature of Mr. Ponsonby's communication to Betty was I don't mean to reveal; but she laughed considerably, and was shortly afterwards seen entering No. 42 with a warming-pan, and then returning without it. The bone and brandy-and-water were duly served, and Mr. Ponsonby took his place at the table. The mild gentleman pulled his collar more frequently and plied the toothpick with increased energy.

"Waiter," cried Ponsonby, "here, take this thing away."

"Capital bone, sir!" said John, somewhat astonished.

"Don't tell me a capital bone," exclaimed Ponsonby; "the bus-driver was complaining of the mortality among his horses. Take it away."

The mild gentleman looked alarmed, and paused in the act of pulling up his left collar.

"Wretched house this, sir," said Ponsonby, confidentially; "never come here if I can avoid it; but at Regatta time glad to get in anywhere."

"Yes, sir," said the mild one.

"They served me a rascally trick once, and I shall never forget it. I wonder who sleeps in that room to-night—poor devil!"

"May I inquire what the trick was, sir?"

"Oh, certainly," said Ponsonby; "though I hardly like to tell the story, in case you should doubt my veracity."

"Oh, sir—"

"Well, it seems absurd to talk of haunted chambers in the nineteenth century," and Ponsonby paused.

"Not at all, sir," said the mild one, encouragingly.

"But that there is one in this house I am ready to swear," exclaimed Ponsonby; "a room with a large, old-fashioned clock in it."

"No. 42?" gasped the mild one; "that's my room!"

"Hush, for Heaven's sake!" said Ponsonby; "had I known that I wouldn't have said a word for the world."

"My dear sir, don't say that; pray go on, sir. I'm not superstitious, neither am I foolishly incredulous," and the mild one wiped his forehead, and emptied his tumbler at a gulp.

"Well, as you desire it, I will narrate my story," said Ponsonby. "It was exactly three years ago this very day, that I and my luggage found ourselves in No. 42, the last room (so the chambermaid told me) quiet in the house."

"Exactly what she told me—a cockatrice!" interrupted the mild one.

"I was tired by my day's journey, and went to bed exactly as the clock struck twelve. Though fatigued, I felt no disposition to sleep; so I placed my candle on the bed steps, and began to read. I had read about five minutes, when suddenly I received a most violent blow in the stomach, and the clock struck a quarter. I started up; there was no one—nothing to account for the phenomenon. At last I concluded it must have been fancy. I read on for another quarter of an hour, when I received two blows, of greater violence than the former one. I jumped out of bed, resolved to secure my assailant. No, there was no one—the clock chimed the half hour."

"Another glass of brandy-and-water!" cried the mild one.

It was brought, and Ponsonby proceeded—

"I seized the bell-rope, but a sense of shame would not let me proceed. I therefore resolved to keep watch for a short time. As I sat up in the bed, my eyes fell upon the face of the old clock in the corner; I could not help thinking that it was in some way connected with the annoyance I had suffered. As I looked, the minute-hand gradually approached the IX. on the dial, and the moment it arrived there I received three distinct and particularly sharp raps on the crown of my head. The clock struck the three quarters. I was now convinced that there was something wrong. What was I to do? If I disturbed the house and told this story, I should be laughed at, and set down either as drunk or dreaming. I resolved to brave the worst. I got out of bed, and gently opening the clock-case, stopped the vibration of the pendulum."

"Come, that must prevent the striking," thought I; and I laid myself down with something like a chuckle at my own brilliancy."

"A chuckle!" murmured the mild one.

"I had not been in bed above five minutes," resumed Ponsonby, "when I heard the door of the clock-case open slowly. I felt, I confess, a tremor—"

"I should think so!"

"As I saw the pendulum throw a somersault on the floor, and deliberately hop—hop—towards the bed. I paused for a moment, and bending its round, brazen face full upon me, said—"

"Spoke!" gasped the mild one.

"Said" (continued Ponsonby, not heeding the interruption), "Sir, I am very much obliged to you for stopping my labors. People think I never want any rest, but that I can stand being perpetually wound up and kept on the go. With your permission, I'll get into bed," and without waiting for an answer, into bed it got.

"I suppose," continued the pendulum, "you are not aware that this is our room."

"Our room!" said I.

"Yes; mine and the rest of the works. The man who made us died in this bed, and left it to us as a legacy. You found something rather unpleasant, didn't you?"

"Yes, I answered—'very unpleasant.'"

"Ah! that was the striking weight; he always serves intruders that way when we are going. When we are not, and I come to bed, he is quiet enough. But as I'm likely to be set going again in the morning, and it's now nearly half past one, I'll wish you a good night."

"Good night, sir," I replied, quaking from head to foot. So, thought I, whoever sleeps in this bed must either submit to be thumped black and blue by the striking-weight, or accept of this horrible monster for a bedfellow. At this moment the pendulum I suppose fell asleep, for it commenced an incessant tick-tick, tick-tick, that rendered all attempts at forgetfulness on my part impossible."

"Another glass of brandy-and-water!" cried the mild one.

"No, no!" said Ponsonby. "I would advise you not; have your chamber candle and go to bed."

"Go to bed in No. 42!" exclaimed the mild one; "never!"

"My dear fellow, matters may have changed since the period I have been talking of. Go to your room; and if anything occurs, it is easy to ring the bell. Come, I'll see you to the door;" and taking their candles, the pair proceeded to No. 42.

"Here we are," said Ponsonby; "good night."

The mild gentleman could only wave his head in valediction as he entered the haunted chamber. In a minute he uttered a shrill cry, and rushed into the lobby, his hair literally on end with terror.

"What's the matter?" said Ponsonby.

"It's there!—in bed—fast asleep—I've seen it—the pendulum! I'd not sleep there for a thousand pounds."

"Good gracious! What said you do?"

"Sleep on the stairs—if I had but my carpet-bag out of that room!"

"I'll fetch it for you. I don't mind the pendulum; he's an old friend of mine."

In another minute the mild one was travelling down to the coffee-room, bumping his carpet-bag from stair to stair, to the probable disturbance of the whole house.

"Betty! Betty!" said Ponsonby in an under tone, "tell the porter to bring my luggage to No. 42. Ha! ha! Capital, Betty!" roared Ponsonby, as he saw the cause of the mild one's terror.

It was the brazen warming-pan comfortably put to bed in No. 42, and which the M. O. in his terror had taken for the pendulum.

In the morning the mild gentleman did not show. He had drunk three bottles of soda-water, paid his bill, and gone off by the first train to London.

**Byron's Friend.**—Mavrocordato is dead. He was intimately connected with the Greek Revolution, and was the especial friend of Byron, Stanhope and Marco Bozzaris. He was born in 1787 in Constantinople. He was descended from an ancient Fanariot family, which has for generations served the Porte as hospodars and dragomen, for which posts of honor the facile, quick, spirited Greeks are peculiarly adapted. The father of Alexander was dragoman to the Porte. When a young man Mavrocordato held a position in the cabinet of his uncle, the Hospodar of Wallachia, who being detected in a conspiracy fled from Wallachia to escape the vengeance of the Porte. Alexander accompanied him voluntarily, and they visited Switzerland and Italy, where Mavrocordato entered with Greek avidity upon the study of the arts of diplomacy and war. While at Pisa he was invited to take part in the Greek Revolution, and his sword was soon unsheathed. Freighting a vessel at Marseilles, he sailed for Greece with a few French volunteers. With great talent he organized a Provisional Government for Western Greece, and he was instrumental in bringing "the wild Albanians, kilted to the knee," as well as Marco Bozzaris and his gallant Bulletes to the standard of free Greece. With the aid of these heroes, he fortified Missolonghi against Kussah Pasha's army, and withstood several Turkish attacks. It was here that Bozzaris fell fighting, and Byron died from the malaria of the marshes of the low-lying plain.

All through the revolution Mavrocordato was active, as head of the Provisional Government, and was in a great measure the creator of the Greek Constitution. He was the first President, and while holding that office displayed most masterly skill in reconciling the wild partisan chieftains of the country, and in financial operations. At Navarino, Mavrocordato distinguished himself by his bravery and coolness, and here he made a most wonderful escape, an animated account of which he has written himself. After Greece was transformed into a kingdom, Mavrocordato continued prominent, and was once Minister to England. Latterly, however, he has resided at Athens, where he acted as a Senator and member of the Council of State, from his own choice. In person he was short and stout, with an animated and intelligent countenance, and most winning manners. He married the daughter of Prince Argyropoulos, dragoman to the Porte. Mavrocordato had two sisters, one of whom married a French colonel in the Greek service, and the other is the wife of the Greek Envoy now at London.

With Mavrocordato dies another link which connects us with the age of Byron and Shelley, when Greece and Greek literature, tours, history and poetry were the height of the fashion.

**Another Hoop Story.**—The following fearful and wonderful incident we clip from the St. John (N. B.) *Globe*:

"It is reported in the Green River *Review*, that while a young gentleman and lady were gazing down from the summit of 'Lover's Leap,' a high cliff near the White Sulphur, the lady, in attempting to pluck a flower from the side of the cliff, lost her balance, and fell with headlong rapidity down the side of the rock. Her attendant hastened round to the base of the cliff, expecting to see her mangled and lifeless body; but bearing her cry of distress, he looked up and beheld his lady-love safely suspended by her steel hoops from the projecting limbs of a gnarled oak. The gentleman had to summon aid before she could be released from her embarrassing position. It was, however, accomplished without injury to the fair fashionable."

**Perils of the Telegraph.**—The *Augsburg Gazette* contains a letter from Zara (Dalmatia), dated the 6th, in which we read: "The electric telegraph here has been the cause of an affecting disaster. During a violent storm, yesterday, two of the telegraph posts were thrown down, but without breaking the wire. When the storm was nearly over, an official of the telegraph office, and some artillerymen set about replacing the posts. Instantly three individuals who touched the wire received terrible electric shocks, two were killed on the spot, and the third received serious injuries on the head and the upper part of his body."





ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMBOATS AT LONG POINT, CANADA WEST, THE PUGILISTS AND SPECTATORS LANDING.—FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT BY OUR OWN ARTIST.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE OF THE PRIZE FIGHT, AT LONG POINT, CANADA WEST.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.



THE LAST ROUND IN THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT—THE BENICIA BOY FAILING TO COME TO TIME.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.



Oct. 30, 1868.]

THE GREAT PRIZE-FIGHT BETWEEN MORRISSEY AND THE BENICIA BOY AT LONG POINT, CANADA WEST—THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FIGHT—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY OUR OWN ARTIST.





## THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

By Our own Reporter.

THE late gladiatorial contest between two knights of the prize ring for the championship of America and a purse of five thousand dollars has excited such universal interest, that, as editors of a news journal, we cannot, in justice to our readers, entirely ignore the prevailing topic, disgusting and brutalizing as we feel the late exhibition to have been. We shall not inflict on our readers the minute details of the affair; those who have a taste for such matters will find them related at length in the daily newspapers, the fairest accounts being given in the daily *Tribune*, the daily *News*, and *Porter's Spirit*, all of which papers sent special reporters to the scene of action.

We sent an artist to Buffalo to accompany the amiable party on their excursion to Long Point, and to make sketches of the most interesting scenes, incidents and characters; that he performed his work well, will, we think, be admitted by every one who considers the danger of the task and the disadvantages under which it was accomplished.

The two combatants, John C. Heenan and John Morrissey, are both of Irish descent, though both born in America. Heenan is twenty-three years old, is six feet two inches in height, and his fighting weight is one hundred and ninety-six pounds; Morrissey is twenty-nine years old, is five feet eleven and a half inches in height, and weighs, when in the ring, one hundred and eighty-seven pounds.

The fight between these two men came off in a space twenty-four feet square, on Long Point, in Canada, about ninety miles from Buffalo, on Wednesday, the 20th day of October, 1858.

For a number of days before the battle the city of Buffalo was crowded with the friends of both parties and with sporting men from all parts of the Union, many having come even from New Orleans to be present on that occasion. The headquarters of the fighting men in Buffalo is the drinking shop of Izzy Lazarus, a retired English prize fighter, who has fought seven prize battles, six of which he won. As he is a character, we give a sketch of him as he appears when before his own bar, drinking with his friends. He weighs three hundred and twenty pounds, and has two boys whom he has trained up as prize-fighters.

That our readers may get an idea of the style of persons who make prize-fighting a profession, or who frequent the places where that amusement is carried on, we give a few heads of fighting men. All of these, however, are not pugilists, but some of them are always ready with the pistol or the knife, which they do not scruple to use against any opponent who refuses to be converted to their own way of thinking. These are not only portraits of individuals who were seen in the crowd at Long Point, but the types of different varieties of American ruffians.

Aaron Jones, who came from England expressly to train Heenan for the battle, is an English prize-fighter of renown, and is probably the best teacher of the art of boxing now living. Jim Hughes is the man who backed Heenan in his late fight, and he is a well-known sporting man of this city. We give the portraits of both.

As these fistic contests are strictly forbidden in the United States, it became necessary to choose a battle-ground somewhere in Canada. Accordingly Morrissey, who won the choice of ground, selected Long Point. At midnight of Tuesday, the 19th of October, the combatants and their friends started from Buffalo in separate steamboats, Morrissey and his party in the *Globe*, and Heenan, with his friends, in the *Galena*. Another boat called the *Kaloolah*, filled with passengers, who came near being all drowned by her utter unseaworthiness, accompanied the first-named boats. They steamed all night and arrived opposite the Point at daybreak of Wednesday. As the steamers could not approach the shore nearer than three quarters of a mile, it was necessary to send the passengers ashore in small boats; and as there was a heavy sea running this was a task of some danger and difficulty. Even these small craft could not approach the beach nearer than two or three rods on account of a sandy bar, so that the passengers had either to wade ashore in water waist-deep, or be carried on the shoulders of the boatmen, who consideredly charged them only a dollar each. So the scene of the landing of the sporting crowd was one of peculiar richness, and those who escaped with dry skins had many a hearty laugh at their unfortunate co-voyagers who got well ducked.

As soon as the party reached the shore, preparations were made for pitching the ring, which was made immediately under the shadow of the lighthouse. Outside the square ring, at the distance of twenty feet, another rope was stretched, outside of which the great body of spectators were collected. The space between the two rings was kept clear by fifty ring-keepers, twenty-five appointed by each side. One of the most prominent among these ring-keepers was Dad Cunningham, who recently shot and killed Pauden.

After some delay in selecting a referee to decide disputed points, the men were stripped and prepared to begin the battle. Each was naked from the waist upwards, their legs being dressed in white flannel knee-breeches and fighting shoes. They were attended by two seconds each, and when at last "time" was called, all the seconds and principals stepped to the middle of the ring and shook hands, in token of no hostile feelings.

Then began the fight, which continued with varying success for eleven rounds. Our cut gives an excellent view of the appearance of the two men as they first squared off.

At the twelfth round Heenan could not come to time, and the battle was given to Morrissey. Heenan had been suffering from a painful ulcer on his leg, and had been sick for a week before the day of the fight, and was in no condition for the battle. He is so confident that he can whip Morrissey, that he has already challenged him to fight for \$5,000 a side. Morrissey, however, is said to be so well satisfied of Heenan's superiority that he will decline the challenge, and never again, probably, will he face "The Benicia Boy."

As soon as the boats reached Buffalo, Heenan presented himself in the dining-room at the hotel, and took a quiet breakfast with a few friends. His face showed no marks save a swollen lip and a slight discoloration of one eye, while Morrissey's punishment was much more severe. Should these two men ever fight again it is probable that the fortunes of war would favor the other party, and that John Heenan would win what he has striven so hard to gain—"The Championship of America."

**THE SADDEST SIGHT.**—The attention of bachelors is invited to the following "wall" from Utica: "There are some sad sights in this world—a city sacked and burned—a New York in the midst of a plague—a ship burning at sea—a family pining in starvation—a jar of honey smashed on the pavement; but the saddest sight to us of all is an old bachelor stolidly walking towards his end, his great duties undone, his shirt buttons off, his stockings out at the toes, and nobody to leave his money to. Were we such a man, the mild, reproving eye of a widow or maiden lady would drive us mad. But there is still hope. Uglier and older men than any of our friends have married beautiful wives, who trained them admirably, and spent their money elegantly."

**INTERMENT BEFORE DEATH.**—A case of restoration to consciousness after burial is recorded by the Austrian journals in the person of a rich manufacturer, named Oppelt, at Rudenberg. He was buried fifteen years ago, and lately, on opening the vault, the lid of the coffin was found forced open, and his skeleton in a sitting posture in a corner of the vault.

**WALLACK'S THEATRE.**—J. W. WALLACK, LESSEE.—Grand Reopening of this beautiful Temple of the Drama, with a company unsurpassed for excellence, comprising nearly all the old favorites of this establishment:

JAMES W. WALLACK,  
J. LESTER WALLACK,  
JOHN BROUGHAM,  
MRS. HOEY,  
MRS. VERNON.  
PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra chairs, \$1.

**LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.**

Miss Laura Keene.....Sole Lessee and Directress.  
NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON.  
BRILLIANT RECEPTION OF THE NEW COMPANY.  
Doors open at 7½; the performance to commence at 8 precisely.  
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

**BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.**—SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW!

THIADON'S THEATRE OF ART!  
First time in the New World. Unlike anything ever seen here before.  
Every Afternoon and Evening at 3 and at 7½ o'clock during the week.  
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens, Laving Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.  
Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 30, 1858.

The Greatest Comic Paper Ever Published

Orders should be sent to our Agents without delay.

PRICE, SIX CENTS.

Early in November will be published

FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN,

FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

richly illustrated with numerous Engravings by the most eminent Artists, and containing a choice collection of Humorous Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes and other entertaining matter.

## Our Diplomacy.

THE most careless glance at history demonstrates that the majority of wars arise from blundering diplomacy. Within the last few years we have ourselves had a striking proof of this in the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty, the obscure or Jesuitical wording of which has caused so much ill-feeling between our own Republic and England, by affording that unscrupulous statesman, Lord Palmerston, an opportunity of quibbling to an extent alike disgraceful to his candor and our diplomacy. This could not have happened had our negotiators been *au fait* in their business.

The prevailing tone of the world, which is becoming more and more commercial, naturally, to a great extent, substitutes intellectual skill for military operations. Treaties now depend more upon a clear and practised head than upon a decisive battle, and the steel pen accomplishes what has hitherto been left to the bayonet. Bulwer's saying that "the pen is mightier than the sword" is becoming the fact of the age. It is, therefore, indispensable that we should possess men capable of grappling with the diplomatic gladiators of Europe. The idea of pitting a raw Western man or an indolent South Carolinian against such men as Palmerston, Nesselrode or Louis Napoleon is absurd. They might stand a chance in a rough and tumble fight, but in a keen encounter of ambassadorial wits the veterans of the Continent would have it all their own way.

We have as abiding a faith in American sagacity as we have in American valor, but the trained man, either in mind or muscle, possesses tremendous odds against the undisciplined giant. The smooth pebble of the skilful David laid Goliath low, and the pen of Talleyrand was often a match for the sword of the conqueror.

If we examine the European system, we shall find a most perfect gymnasium of diplomacy, in which the pupils graduate through every form, from the Secretary of Legation to the ambassadorial dignity. They very wisely consider it a science of the highest class, in which certain men become as famous as Chilton is in chemistry, Mott in surgery, Wallace in music, Whiting in law, or John Graham in Billingsgate.

The wonderful expansion of our Republic renders it imperative that we should pay more attention to this branch of the national service. There is no force in the stereotyped objection so current in the mouths of ignorant loungers—who dread knowledge as the devil did Ithuriel's spear—that by so doing we should be inaugurating an aristocratical era, by creating an exclusive class, for the same argument would apply to every profession. The sternest democrat, when he wants his broken leg set, does not send for those staunch democrats, Isaiah Rynders or Lewis Cass, but for some eminent surgeon, who, no doubt, commenced his career by mending a broken nose or setting a finger. He would consider the man a fool, who deserved to be a cripple for life, if he allowed an ignorant or unskilful man to perform the operation.

Yet, in defiance of our commonest instincts we entrust our most vital interests—nay, those which affect our latest posterity, and the very existence of our glory as a Republic—to hap-hazard and promiscuous men, picked up in Tammany Hall or the Pewter Mug.

When we bear in mind all these things, we are justified in saying it argues well for our mother wit and native shrewdness that we are not more miserably beaten in the field of diplomacy than we are, for the odds against a stump orator or a Michigan politician are somewhat desperate in a contest with the Orloffs, Nesselrodes, Brunows and Palmerstons of the Old World.

Washington's prophetic instinct felt how much our form of government would render us inferior in diplomatic trickery and *finesse*, and he therefore warned us of all entangling alliances. It is, however, undeniable that eighty years—nearly three generations of the human race—have so entirely changed our position and extended our duties, that it is as impossible for a great commercial nation like ours to isolate itself from the rest of the world as for a Broadway storekeeper to turn hermit in Niblo's Garden, or for a Wall street broker to refuse to buy and sell. Washington's advice is therefore obsolete, and was only suitable for the age in which he lived, and which was our infancy. It is absurd to imagine that his mind, great as it was, could even dream of the magnificent destiny which unfolds itself more and more every day. We must therefore accept our responsibilities, or abandon our position as one of the four great powers of the world. With regard to the absurd notion that a corps of diplomatic agents is inconsistent with the spirit of our Constitution,

we maintain that ours is really the only form of government which renders such a class favorable to liberty and the peaceable promulgation of republican principles.

Indeed, we have long ago practically refuted such obsolete ideas by the establishment of an army and navy, which form the nucleus of a body capable of expansion or restriction to the exigencies of the public service, and surely if the experience of the world proves that it is not wise to trust our national safety to the arms of a hastily raised militia, it is still less so to entrust our negotiations to unpractised men. As the matter now stands our republican institutions are positively detrimental to our foreign interests, as they allow only four years to educate our consuls and ministers, even if their appointments should be all ready "cut and dried" before the President enters upon his functions.

This frequent change of policy is equally disturbing in all its ramifications, for with that unhappy temptation, a renomination, before the eyes of a weak or ambitious President, very few questions—more especially foreign ones—are deliberately or honestly considered in that only true light, the public good. Negotiations involving the national honor and commercial welfare are too frequently made mere party considerations, and interests which a patriot and statesman would hold as sacred as his household gods, are coolly sacrificed to the exigencies of a Baltimore or Cincinnati convention, or else bartered for place and profit.

At this very minute the mission to Austria has been given as a salve to soothe the broken head of a rejected Pennsylvanian, making, as it would seem, in the eyes of the President, the marked displeasure of the nation a qualification for a foreign employment.

Thus, between the two stools of party corruption and official ignorance, our country is constantly placed in a false position, which is as fatal to our commercial interests as it is injurious to our republican honor.

We are convinced that nothing would be more beneficial to human progress than to bestow closer attention upon our diplomacy; first, by greater care in the selection of our ministers and consular agents; and secondly, by training up a class of our more educated and intellectual citizens to represent us abroad with true republican dignity and success.

## The Philosophy of Pugilism.

WHAT Shakespeare said of the actors of his time applies with tenfold force to the journalists of our own, who, as "the brief chroniclers of the day," are compelled to record many things utterly abhorrent to their feelings; but it is not for a newspaper to ignore any prominent event in which the public take an interest, its duty being to satisfy the general curiosity by affording all the information in its power, and to accompany it with such reflections as the subject requires, thus making the errors and crimes of others a warning and admonition to the world. With this view we give in our present paper a series of the most graphic and faithful pictures illustrating that particular phase in our social system, which exhibits in full force the untameable propensity of our nature to witness every description of strife, however contrary to Christianity and even common humanity.

But it no more follows that we should approve such exhibitions of brute endurance by recording them, than our elaborate illustration of the Burdell tragedy can be construed into an endorsement of murder. Indeed, we are convinced that the fidelity of our illustrations will do more to disgust the public with such bloodthirsty enormities than all the sermons that ever were preached. It required our pencil to arouse the public to the horrors of rotten cows and swill milk villainies, and in like manner we trust the thoughtless crowd who unwittingly abet these disgraceful spectacles will, by seeing the class of men more immediately concerned in them, shrink with horror from any further participation, however distant and indirect. If our readers will scrutinize the countenances of the pugilistic class and their admirers, the most obtuse physiognomist must admit that they seem to be the natural homes of depravity. The brute is prominent in every lineament. The low forehead—the high cheek bone—the square jaw—the thick neck—in a word, they have the heads of bulldogs on the shoulders of men.

We are convinced that two-thirds of those who talk so glibly about the ring know nothing whatever of its constitution. From first to last the class is utterly depraved. A philosopher has asked what must be the religion of a people whose god is an ape? And we may guess what a class that is whose hero is a Bill Poole, a Pauden, or a Morrissey! When the idols are so vile, what language can adequately depict the worshippers? Around their orgies are gathered all the pickpockets, thieves and vagabonds of creation. Their life is a drunken dream of violence and vice, and their death makes the world breathe easier.

We hear much of the good effects of pugilism in discountenancing the knife and the revolver, and were we convinced such was the case we should feel inclined to overlook much of its brutality for so great an advantage; but we are afraid such an argument will not hold good, since the very class of which such men as Bill Poole, Morrissey, Pauden and Dad Cunningham are the chief ornaments, invariably resort to shooting and stabbing in all their brawls. When Bill Poole and his companions were engaged in a row, did they resort to their fists? No—their brutal and bloodthirsty nature came out, and Poole was shot down like a dog. We have a still later instance in that of Pauden, who was shot by another pugilist, Cunningham. If, therefore, the very heroes of the ring repudiate their fists, and fly to the knife and the revolver directly they are in earnest, how can its defenders palliate its evident brutality by an assertion so directly at variance with fact?

But even if the prize ring had the merit of making man depend upon his skill and muscle in personal emergencies, its natural tendency is to embolden the bully and the athlete, since they have such advantages over the peaceable and weak. This of course compels the latter to arm themselves in self-defence against the pugilistic rowdy, thus accelerating the very evil short-sighted casuists maintain it prevents. It also gives an insolent air of bravado to society, and substitutes brute force for reason. It is therefore certain that any recognition of such a system is a return to the darkest ages of our race, and a deliberate substitution of brute violence for reason. Nor must we, when reckoning up the evils of the prize ring, forget that of gambling. There is a natural affinity between blacklegs and fighting men which is not surprising, and as their association cannot materially corrupt each



other's manners it is not to be regretted. It is the pot and the kettle, and they cannot well be blacker than they are. But the evil spreads beyond their immediate circle, and young men bet upon these brutal exhibitions with a gusto almost incredible. The result is natural. As somebody must lose in every wager the debt of honor must be paid, and many a clerk dates his first fraud from his first bet on these brutal exhibitions.

We have thus briefly given our views upon a practice which from time to time absorbs public attention to a humiliating extent, and we confess, with every disposition to take a tolerant view of human nature, that we cannot see one redeeming trait in the prize ring. Indeed, we can only regard the interest it excites as a painful instance of the advantage which is taken of the lowest instincts of mankind to call attention to the most depraved and brutal of our race.

## MUSIC.

**Italian Opera, Fourteenth street.**—Piccolomini has appeared and has won all hearts by her exquisite grace, beauty and innocent, arch simplicity. She is a lovable little darling, and wins the kindly sympathy and the affectionate interest of all who see her, and creates an irresistible desire in all to come again and again within the circle of her fascination. The portrait of Piccolomini, which graces our first page, will give our readers a just idea of her personal appearance. Every one who has seen her will acknowledge that it is the only correct likeness, whether engraved or lithographed, yet issued to the public. It was sent to us by the celebrated photographer, Mayall, of London, and we feel much pride in being able to present to our readers so faithful and beautiful a portrait of the charming Piccolomini. But if our readers believe that they see in this admirable portrait the living, breathing Piccolomini, they will be deceived, for though the features are all there in their integrity, no artist can stamp upon the paper the thousand varying and emotional expressions which play upon that countenance, and flash their intelligence and sentiment upon the hearts of her audience. Hers is the most mobile face we ever looked upon. It is the pictorial exponent of her every thought and emotion. To understand her in every situation of the drama we might dispense with the faculty of hearing, so eloquently does her piquantly beautiful face tell the story of her inner life. This is a great natural gift—one that appeals instantly to every beholder, and fixes their undivided attention upon the possessor, making her the absorbing focus of interest and attraction.

To this glory of the face are added the infinite graces of action and manner, and the appreciable charms of blooming youth and innocent vivacity, which tell with equal force upon all; for the natural impulses of every heart are good, and sympathy so spontaneously with whatever is pure and beautiful. Such are the attributes of Piccolomini, the woman, and in these will ever be found the real power of her wonderful fascination—a power which in every land seems to have made her the beloved and petted child-artist of the people. Of the woman we have said enough, not all that we could say had we time and space, but still enough to convey to our readers a faithful outline of the graceful and charming creature who now occupies exclusively the attention and affections of the New York public. We must now consider her as an artist, but before doing so we will say a few words respecting the school of art to which she belongs.

Year by year our operatic writers have been progressing from the artificial to the real—have been replacing the wooden idols, with their glitter and their glare of meretricious ornament and meaningless *flourish*, with living, breathing and palpitating human realities. Critics complain that in so doing the strict requirements of art have been repudiated—that melody has become the one idea, to the exclusion of profound harmony, the noble counterpoint and the abstruse, complicated musical elaboration of thought which are the glories and the attributes of high art. In some measure the complaint is just. But we look upon operatic music from a different point of view, and while we bow with heartfelt reverence and student adoration to the prophet-like inspirations of Mozart, Beethoven and Weber, we yield our earnest and sincere admiration to those exponents of the passionate heart, Bellini, Donizetti and Verdi. We do not pretend to place these composers of a different age and school upon the same level, for the former, with the same high musical instinct and inspiration as the latter, had an immeasurably vaster grasp of the infinite resources of the musical art—they combined poetical inspiration with mathematical precision, and wove the intricacies of the art of harmony into the delicious meshes of spontaneous melody, the first, while yet a component and indispensable part of the whole, still subordinate to the second.

This faculty we recognize as musical inspiration in its very highest manifestation, and works combining these attributes will live for ever, because, though styles may change, principles founded upon truths in art will always be recognized so long as art itself has disciples—and just so long will Mozart, Beethoven and Weber be remembered. But in proportion to their rare perfection, among hundreds of composers, will be the number of their understanding admirers among the masses of the people. Their music is too essentially music to rivet at once the volatile mind of the public. Thousands who eagerly devour the passionate outpourings of Byron, would yawn over the majestic flow of Milton—the last appealing to the intellect, the first to the passions. Bellini was the first who touched the great public heart by the passionate beauty of his melodies. He wrote for the voice; he left the melody utterly unnumbered by the subtleties of harmonic thought, and the many seized the idea at once—they felt the flow of sounds was beautiful—they were only conscious of the absence of the noble resources of the art by the striking individuality of the melody, by the ease with which they understood and felt the whole scope and meaning of the thought. Bellini, in fact, wrote down to the general musical intelligence of all people, but he was a prophet in his way, and interpreted the language of emotion in strains of truth and beauty, that will always touch the heart where science fails to wake one sympathizing chord. Donizetti followed next, and all are familiar with his works, and are cognizant of his universal popularity.

But while dealing so largely with emotional, sensuous music, both Bellini and Donizetti retained much of the florid, ornate character of the writings of their predecessors. This necessitated the highest order of musical culture in those who undertook to expound their works, and consequently, in addition to a pure method, the most perfect mechanism and extraordinary fluency of the vocal organ were necessary to sustain successfully the rôles of these composers. But with Verdi came another phase of the new school. Vocal gymnastics gave place to declamation, and earnest realism displaced artistic finish and gave a greater vitality to opera than it had ever reached before. While Verdi's music calls equally upon the genius of the singer, it asks less of the mechanical education than that of his predecessors. Consequently, while his works will inevitably tend to the early development of the genius of the vocal student, they will also bring before the world a legion of unfinished artists—that is, artists unable to render acceptably the compositions of other and more ornate composers. Whether the world will gain or lose by this fact is a question yet to be decided.

To our mind it will be the gain, for as the demand for the representation of the works of Bellini and Donizetti has in no way diminished, and Verdi's operas still maintain their popularity, we shall of necessity have two vocal schools, each of which will hold their claims to a high consideration. Who would forego the intense emotion communicated by the genius of Piccolomini, Gassaniga or Colson, although the latter combines the rare and admirable excellence of both schools, because forthwith they cannot execute those nimble-giddy fandangos and *fa-la-las* (to borrow the expression of an unlearned outsider), which any piece of musical mechanism can be made to perform more perfectly than any human organization?

In judging Piccolomini then, and the other exponents of the Verdi school, we ignore all in art-education that goes beyond the requirements of that particular school, for we have no right to comment upon the absence of that which is not required by the subject under consideration.

Piccolomini's voice is a soprano in quality, though hardly soprano in true extent of register. Its compass is very circumscribed, but she uses it with skill, judgment and with great care. Its middle tones are singularly rich and beautiful, and its whole range deliciously melodious. Her method is good, her pronunciation very distinct, and her execution very far better than we were led to suppose. Her physique is incapable of those electrical bursts of passionate energy which characterize the performances of Gassaniga and Colson, but intensity and fervor of expression supply their places, and are all sufficient and in perfect keeping with her reading of the character and with her personal. Her acting is perfect. She never for a moment forgets the character; she does not wait for the cue to assume its personalities, but she acts up to all, displays all the emotions which *horreurs*, when strongly interested, will naturally exhibit, and thus presents the positive reality which most others only assume by fits and starts. In short, Piccolomini is a great actress, her *obsession* has all the charms of uncontrolled natural impulse—her joy, all laughter—her sorrow, all tears.

We could protract our notice indefinitely by pointing out passages of beauty and dramatic effect for admiration; but we prefer that our readers should imagine her excellence, bearing in mind our remarks upon her fascination of beauty and manner, and youth and naturalness; the charm of her delicious voice, and the marvellous reality, naïveté and tenderness, intensity and pathos which she throws into every instant of her dramatic life. If our readers will bear all these remarks in mind, remembering also that we have added no color to the beautiful picture, they will understand why Piccolomini is so idolized abroad, and why she has won all hearts here, and why every one who desires a new musical sensation should take the first opportunity to see and hear her.

Signor Steffani is gradually moderating himself into the good-will of the public. On the second night he sang with admirable taste and expression, and he made some fine and delicate artistic points, together with his spirited acting, were warmly recognized by the public.

The new baritone, Signor Florenza, is an artist of rare merit. His voice is of exquisite quality, of remarkable compass, and he uses it with the skill and grace of an accomplished artist. His manner is assured and earnest, he acts well, and he throws into his singing, passion, energy and tenderness. It is a luxury to listen to so fine and reliable an artist.

The orchestra, large and well selected, was skillfully conducted by Signor Musio. Due attention was paid to the light and shade of the partition, the singers were sustained and not overpowered, and the general execution and effect were worthy of all praise. The chorus was also excellent, and the ballet, scenery, costumes and appointments were all in the best taste, and on a scale of great liberality.

We must compliment Mr. Ullman upon the production of this opera. He has kept his promises to the public, both to the spirit and the letter. The houses have been most brilliantly and fashionably attended, and the receipts have reached the enormous sum of seven thousand dollars. Piccolomini will prove as good as a gold mine to the management.

**Italian Opera in Havana.**—Max Maretzek left last week for Havana. He was notified by the Governor-General that the recent terrible explosion had so seriously damaged the Tacon theatre that it could not at present be used for operatic purposes. Maretzek finding himself with his large and excellent company compulsorily unemployed, has gone to Havana to urge on the completion of such repairs as may be necessary to render the Tacon safe. The delay will be of serious consequence both to manager and artists, but we have faith that Maretzek's energy and perseverance will set matters straight and bring his army of singers into active service.

**The Strakosch Opera Company.**—The gifted and beautiful Colson left New York last week in the height and glory of her splendid artistic triumphs. As we predicted, her return called forth the delayed enthusiasm of the public. Her wonderful personation of "La Traviata" has been acknowledged by crowded and brilliant audiences, and the homage of enthusiastic admiration has been tendered her without stint. She is gone to create an equal excitement in Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia, and we envy those cities the honor of her presence. Colson is destined to win for herself a glorious name throughout the States, and to become the leading favorite of the people.

Our own Cura de Wilhorst, whose success at Burton's Theatre was unequalled, forms another attraction of Strakosch's fine company, and will alternate with Madame Colson. Brignoli, Amadio and Juncos are the other principals of the company. We hope to see Strakosch and his artists back with us in December.

## DRAMA.

**Laura Keene's Theatre.**—"Our American Cousin" has been performed during the week with even increased *clat*, principally owing to the charming acting of Miss Keene in the part of Florence Trenchard, which, although not the chief character in the play, becomes prominent by her matchless personation. It is one of this lady's merits that every year makes her not only a more finished artist but also a more natural one—a consummation seldom achieved, since excessive polish sometimes wears away the enamel. It is a common mistake to confound art with artifice: they are as distinct as truth and falsehood. One puts nature in its most effective shape, the other supplants it; one is brightly burnished gold, the other is the substitution of tin for the true metal. There is as much difference between the two styles of acting as there is between ranting and elocution—a stump orator and an Edward Everett. Now we conceive Miss Keene to be a remarkable instance of the power of judicious study upon natural talent, and it is not too much to predict that excellent as she is now as an actress, she will be far greater one every succeeding year of her career. This faculty of progressive improvement is of very rare occurrence; Dryden and Byron are cases in point among the poets, and Charles Kemble and Miss Keene among the actors. To return to "Our American Cousin," next to Miss Keene, the comedy owes its success to Jefferson's acting as Asa Trenchard; we have seldom seen him to more advantage. The Yankees ought to recommend him to Mr. Buchanan to succeed Mr. Dallas. He would prove a blessing to all young heiresses in distress, and a terror to all rascally stewards. We must not forget Mr. Sothern's admirable make-up as Lord Dundreary; it was very effective. Peters was very funny as Binney, and Miss Sara Stevens looked very fascinating as Mary Meredith. "A Day in Paris" has been the afterpiece, in which Mr. Peters and Miss MacCarthy were much applauded. If the lady, however, would trust a little more to nature it would be an improvement. She has many capabilities for a popular actress. Altogether Miss Keene deserves the crowded houses she nightly receives.

**Wallack's Theatre.**—There has been no change in the performances at this house. Charles Dancer's comediella, "Marriage a Lottery," with Brougham's capital extravaganza of "Neptune's Deceit," drawing large audiences every evening.

Brougham's Neptune is one of his most rollicking characters—it is worth descending in a diving bell to the Atlantic plateau to see "glorious John" in his native element. We can fancy that the hydrostatic bed of the ocean, described by Professor Maury, as being made of soft mud and animalcules shells, invisible to the naked eye, or, more modestly speaking, the unassisted vision, would make a very agreeable couch, although we should hope Neptune has something better stowed away in his rocky caverns than salt water. Indeed, we think we detected the beautiful aroma of potes in the sitting apartment of the trident bearer. Altogether Neptune and his courtiers evidently lead anything but a watery life down below. The hits, both local, political and moral, are, as we said before, excellent, and thoroughly enjoyable even by the victims. Brougham possesses the rare art of being a satirist without venom. He does not castigate to wound but to mend. He wishes to reform the culprit, not kill. In this respect he resembles Dickens, who tempers mercy with justice, while Thackeray belabors his fellow-creatures as though, like a depraved Squeers, he took pleasure in inflicting pain.

A new comedy is in rehearsal at Wallack's, and Brougham is also busy upon another piece. Mr. Wallack is determined to have novelty, and of the highest kind. It is reported that he has engaged Miss Amy Sedgwick, but we do not know how true it is. She is one of the most popular actresses in England, and has gained her reputation in a wonderfully short time. She is an especial pet with the Dickens *clique*—men of sound judgment in all theatrical affairs.

John Savage's play of "Sybil," after running with great enthusiasm, has been withdrawn, in consequence of the remonstrances of the family where the chief incident occurred. It is not, perhaps, known that it is founded on an event which happened in Kentucky. Its dramatic success, however, will, no doubt, induce Mr. Savage to try again on a less dangerous subject.

**Barnum's Museum.**—Whenever a curiosity appears, the public may depend upon finding it at Barnum's museum. The last novelty is the boarded boy, a little fellow who, though only four years old, has a beard worthy a prophet of old, or a modern artist. Thiodon's Theatre of Art still continues to attract, and Dr. Valentine, who formerly pronounced Live Oak George as the greatest of Americans, says things equally funny in his excellent discourse between the acts. There is no better place for spending an hour than Barnum's Museum.

## THE LAST SCANDAL AT BADEN.

The last letters from Baden give a most amusing account of the discomfiture of the army of crinoline, berouged, and bejeweled coquettes of the *demi-monde*, in the person of its brave and valiant general, Mdlle. R.—, who, with her bodyguard of lacqueys, pages and aides-de-camp had arrived at Baden, resolute in her intention of carrying deadliest execution into the ranks of her mortal enemies—the high-born, elegant and virtuous ladies of all nations there assembled.

It is now perfectly ascertained that Mdlle. R.— had, in reality, gone to Baden with the deadliest designs, determined to establish her position at once, and to obtain a complete victory over the decree which had precluded "the likes of her" from the subscription balls.

The balls have been, in consequence, attended by all the rank and fashion of the whole Continent. The members of every reigning family, whether imperial, royal, or grand ducal, have all resorted to these assemblies without the smallest scruple or suspicion of the consequences, and this change alone has given the place quite another character.

Now, to those who know Mdlle. R.— it will be a matter of no surprise to learn that she was resolved, the moment she heard of the exclusive laws which had been established at Baden, to hurry thither in order to set things right once more, and renew the jolly days when none but herself and her *pareilles*, with a few poor scared and innocent English and other foreign ladies, utterly ignorant of the nature of the company they had fallen amongst, and consequently lost in astonishment at the tone and manners of the ladies forming what they supposed to be the specimens of good society contributed by Paris, were left in full possession of the glorious ball-room of the place. Accordingly she came, she saw, and—was conquered. She appeared on the drive in her elegant equipage, which completely kills the quiet, unpretending carriage of the Grand Ducal family. She sat on the walk, embedded, surrounded, invaded by crinoline, and smothered in a flowing dress of Dacca muslin, befooled with the most rare and costly Mechlin. She rode, in an Amazon of silk cloth adorned with jeweled buttons, the finest horse in all Baden, despite the *amour-propre* displayed by the members of the sport, which has been unusually put upon its mettle this year; and in the evening she was to be found wherever conversation was the liveliest or fashion congregated the thickest; and wherever voices were heard in loud, promiscuous talk, her voice was heard the loudest of them all. As on former occasions (the plague spot of Baden), all this was tolerated. Men of fashion, with the good taste which prevails on the Continent, but which would find such qualifications no protection to the thing in England, were as softly polite and as reserved in their conversation with her in public as they showed themselves to the highest ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain or the most respected *dames d'honneur* of the multifarious courts there assembled; and the lady, screwing her virago courage up to the sticking place, during the whole week looked forward to the night of the ball with the greatest anxiety.

The night arrived. How a ticket was obtained, with the requisite vouchers, will always remain a mystery. Be this as it may, the lady was duly provided with a ticket quite *en règle*, and presented herself with the greatest self-confidence at the door of the ball-room at the hour appointed.

Nothing could be more splendid than her attire. She wore a lilac tulle dress, covered with flowers of the richest *point d'Alençon*, looped at intervals by groups of water-lilies, the stalks of which were tied with *barbes de point d'Alençon*, the ends floating around the skirts, and betraying their immense value to connoisseurs, amongst whom it was whispered that each *barbe* must be at least worth five hundred francs. Her coal black tresses were one mass of diamonds, which were made to play in and out of the wreath of water-lilies which passed across her forehead; and on her neck she wore the Monte Christo

necklace, sold some time ago by the Princess de Joinville to the jeweller who furnished it, as being too costly an object for the princess to keep. Time for examination and cataloguing of all these wonders was amply allowed by the directors of the ball, who left the lady sitting in the *vestibule*, while a due inspection of her ticket was proceeding in the commissaire's private room. Presently a messenger, wearing the livery of the establishment, was seen to issue in hot haste from the doorway, carrying a square, red-sealed, enormous envelope, which evidently contained the card of admission which had been granted to Mdlle. R.—.

"Investigations—inquiries—reproaches—reprimands," whispered the gossip, who had by this time clustered in the *vestibule*, and were staring with all their eyes, as the French say, at the unconscious object of the debate. Presently the messenger returns with another red-sealed envelope. He bursts into the waiting-room, where the commissaires and directors of the ball are all assembled, and in a moment after, one of the commissaires, the most influential Prince D—, steps out with a sad and embarrassed countenance, and going up to the lady, whispers a few words in her ear, while he extends towards her his white-gloved hand, with as much deference and politeness as though she were a princess of the blood-royal. But the lady, so far from meeting the courteous advance with the same spirit, suddenly rises from her seat, and, while her eyes flash fire and the color rises to her temples, she begins expostulating in no gentle terms and in the harshest tones. The prince, who had been chosen as delegate by the committee, precisely for his very quality of patience and stoical bearing, listened meekly for a few minutes to the torrent of choleric representations which gushed from the lips of the lady, and then, coolly begging her to desist from any useless resistance, again tendered his arm, which was again rudely pushed aside. "Who has dared to refuse admission to the order of Count —?" screamed the lady. "The committee in general," replied the prince. "Then I demand satisfaction," shouted she, boldly; "if you are base enough to insult a woman in this manner, you surely will not refuse reparation to a man. I can fight as well as any man amongst you. Your hour—your arms!" again she exclaimed, seizing the blue and silver rosate which decorated the prince's button-hole; "you stir not hence till you have named your hour and your arms!" "I have no hour wherein I shall not be happy to declare myself the humble servant of yourself or any other lady; but with ladies of your species, madam, I can admit of no arms but the gendarmes;" and beckoning, thereupon, to the doorkeepers, two gendarmes immediately stepped forward, and escorted the lady politely but firmly to her carriage, which was waiting at the door.

The adventure has been the great news of Baden, and is considered an immense triumph of the place; and the strong sense and cold behaviour of Prince D— cannot be too much praised. We need not say how soon the Queen of Loretta was on her way back towards Paris, nor how hearty was the laughter at her complete rout and discomfiture, while the deprecation which has attended the *l'égarement* of which Count C— has been guilty has been so general that, in spite of his apologies and the excuse he gives—the truth of which no one doubts—of having arrived too late at Baden to know the rules of the ball, he has been obliged to follow his *protégé*, and, for this season at least, Baden will know him no more.

## A COLUMN OF GOLD.

The following story is told of a revolutionary soldier, who was running for Congress:

It appears that our hero was opposed by a much younger man, who had never "been to the wars," and it was the want of "revolutionary" to tell the people of the hardships he endured. Says he:

"Fellow-citizens, I have fought and bled for my country—I helped to whip the British and Indians. I have slept upon the field of battle with no covering but the canopy of heaven. I have walked over frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood!"

Just about this time, one of the "sovereigns," who had become very much affected by this tale of woe, walks up in front of the speaker, wiping the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupting him, says:

"Did you say you fought the British and the Indians?"

"Yes," responded the old revolutionary.

"Did you say that you had slept on the ground, while serving your country, without any kiver?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Did you say you had followed the enemy of your country over frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood?"

"Yes," exultingly replied the speaker.

"Well, then," says the tearful "sovereign," as he gave a sigh of painful emotion, "I'll be damned if I don't think you've done enough for your country, and I'll vote for the other man."

## English Grammar.

Remember, though box

In the plural makes boxes,

The plural of ox

Should be oxen, not oves.

And remember, though fleece

In the plural is fleeces,

That the plural of goose

Aren't geoses nor geeses.

And remember, though house

In the plural is houses,

The plural of mouse

Should be mice, and not mouses.

All of which goes to prove

That grammar a farce is;

For where is the plural

Of rum and molasses?

"Meet me by moonlight alone," warbled Willie, the garotter, to the old gent who had a gold watch and chain and five hundred dollars in his pocket.

"Come, O come with me," continued the officer, who dragged the thief off to the station-house.

"Welcome, welcome home," softly murmured the turnkey, as he locked Willie up in a cell.

"Behold how brightly breaks the morning," gently whistled the policeman, as early the next morning he marched Master Willie down to the Tombs.

"Hail to the thief who in triumph advances," blithely sang the magistrate, when he saw Willie brought in.

"My boyhood's home," wailed the prisoner, as he found himself domiciled in a cell on the third tier of the Tombs.

"Thou art too sweet for me," he vocalized, as he declined his ration of rice and molasses.

"Go where thy glory waits thee," sang the judge, in deep bass, as he sentenced Master Willie to six months on the Island.

"I would not live always—I ask not to stay," was rendered most pitifully by the prisoner, who had longed for a razor or a rope.

## The Three Professions.

Law, Physic, and Divinity

Being in dispute, could not agree

To settle which of the three

Should have superiority.

Law pleads he doth protect men's lands,

And all their goods from ravenous hands;

Therefore, of right, challenges he,

To have superiority.

Physic prescribes good rules for health,

Which men prefer above their wealth;

Therefore of right, challenges he,

To have superiority.

Then straight steps up the priest, demure,

Who for men's souls proclaims the cure;

Therefore, of right, challenges he,

To have superiority.

If judges arbitrate the case,

The lawyers sure will gain the day;

If epicures the verdict give,

The doctors best of all will thrive.

If bishops arbitrate the case,

The priest will have the highest place;

If honest, sober, we men judge,

Then all the three away may trudge.

If men will live in peace and love,

The lawyers' acts they need not prove;

If men forbear excess and riot,

They need not feed on doctor's diet.

If men attend what God doth teach,

They need not mind what parsons preach;

But if men kneave and fools will be,

They'll be hard ridden by all three.

**Ignorant Other** (writing a letter)—Heah, old fellow, how many t's do you put in little?

Our Swell—How many t's, my boy?—well, it all depends on whom you're writing to.

Ignorant—Well, I'm writing to Annie; want to call her a "little deah," you know.

Our Swell—Oh, you're writing to Annie, are you?—well, send the deah girl three t's, and if the deah girl don't like so many she can take one or two away.

**King William III.**, after his return from Holland in 1699, sent for Dr. Radcliffe, and showing him his swollen ankles, said, "What think you of these?" "Why, truly," replied he, "I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms." This freedom lost the king's favor, and no intercessions could ever recover it.

"Jury," said an Arkansas judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used." They returned a verdict of "suicide in the ninth degree."



INCIDENTS IN THE GREAT PRIZE-FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY OUR OWN ARTIST.—See Page 344.



IZZY LAZARUS DRINKING WITH HIS FRIENDS IN HIS BAR-ROOM AT BUFFALO.



JONES, THE TRAINER, AND HUGHES, THE BACKER, OF THE BENICIA BOY.



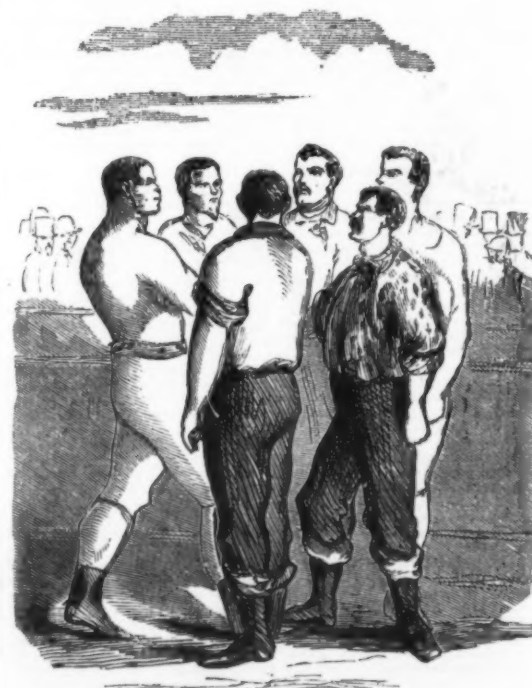
DAD CUNNINGHAM, THE RING KEEPER.



SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED AND "FANCY" CHARACTERS ATTENDING THE FIGHT.



THE BENICIA BOY AT BREAKFAST WITH HIS FRIENDS AT "BLOOMERS," OF BUFFALO, THE MORNING AFTER THE FIGHT



THE COMBATANTS SHAKING HANDS BEFORE THE FIGHT.





JUDGE CONNOLLY AND POLICE TAKING POSSESSION OF THE GAMBLING HOUSE, 581 BROADWAY, WHERE A MURDER WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN COMMITTED.

THE SUPPOSED MURDER CASE.

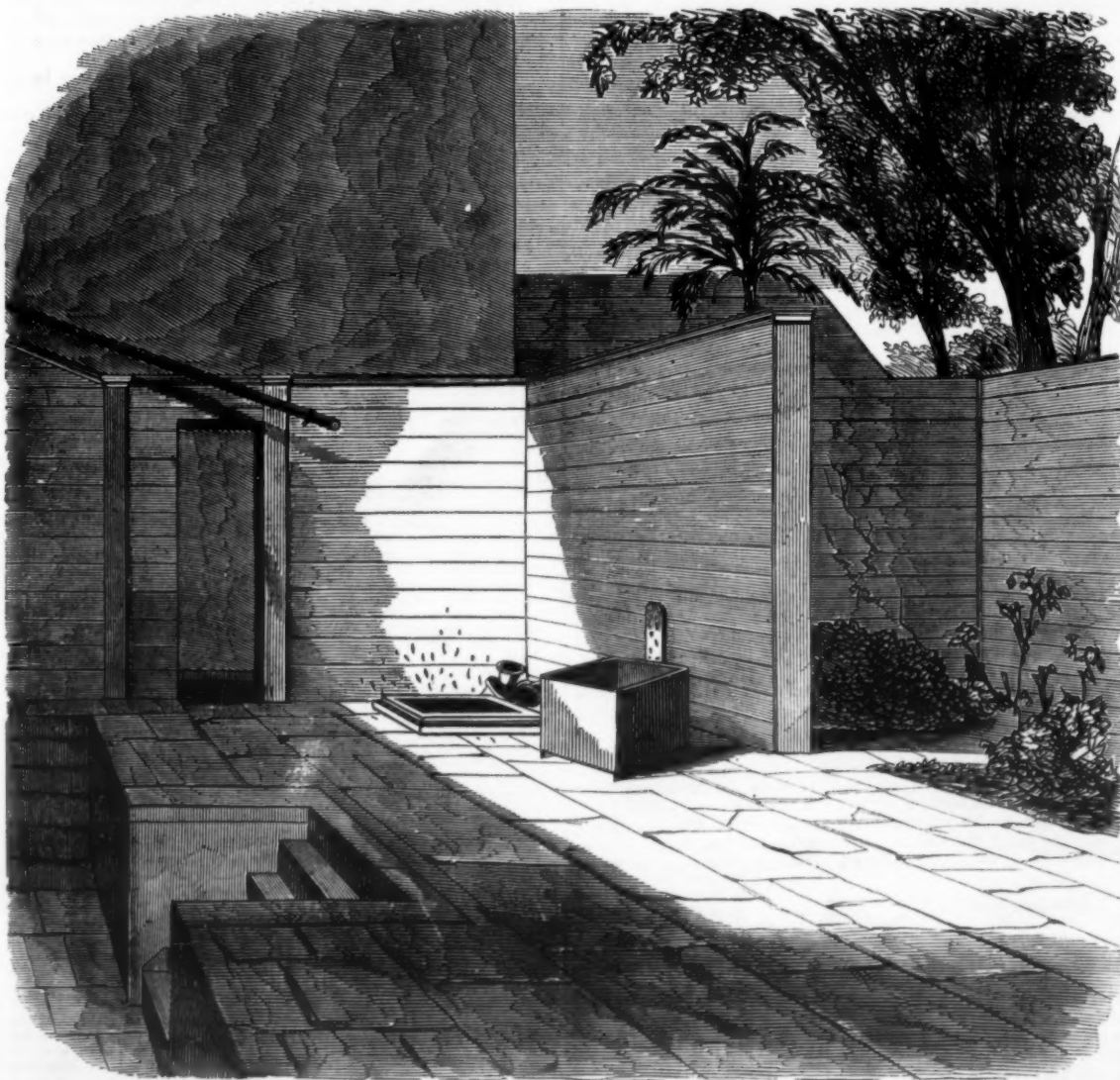
A PAINFUL mystery has recently been brought before the public, which is anxiously looking for its solution. Another hidden murder has been perpetrated, yet the faint traces of the crime that have been discovered baffle even the most experienced officers of justice in their indistinctness.

The particulars of the case, so far as ascertained, are derived from the affidavit of a servant girl, who was engaged in the em-

ploy of Robert L. Willis, keeper of a gambling hell at 581 Broadway, next door to Fredricks' Photographic Gallery. In her affidavit she states that at about two or three o'clock on the morning following the night of Sunday, September 19th,

She was awakened by the cry of distress and noise in the lower part of said Willis's house; and this deponent says that on listening she distinctly heard some one exclaim in the entry-way of the house, in the lower part of said house, "In the Lord's name, spare my life, and I don't care what you do to me;" deponent says that she heard the said Willis say in reply at the time,

"The God d— fresh son of a b—, dump him;" deponent could not distinctly understand what else was said, but there were some other hard words and some noise below stairs; deponent says that she arose the next morning about 5½ o'clock, and commenced to wash the foul linen of the family; deponent further says that between 9 and 10 o'clock in the forenoon she went to the cistern to empty some suds, and on removing the cover she saw what seemed to her to be the part of a coat-sleeve or cuff just above the surface of the water in the cistern; deponent further says that she took no particular notice at the time; deponent went again to the cistern, about 1½ o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, to empty some more wash suds, and on removing the cover from the same cistern she plainly and distinctly saw the upper part of a man's head and upper part of the face, including the forehead, eyes and a portion of the nose, above the water in the cistern; that he had dark brown hair upon the head and dark whiskers; deponent noticed most distinctly that his eyes were open, or partly open; deponent was much frightened, and shut down the lid of the cistern, and ran away, with an exclamation caused by her fright; deponent further says that she soon afterwards saw her sister, to whom she related these facts, and her sister made her leave



VIEW OF THE YARD AND CISTERN WHERE THE BODY WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN CONCEALED.



VIEW OF PASSAGE WITH BLOOD ON THE WALL, WHERE THE MURDER WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN COMMITTED.

the house forthwith; deponent adds that when she arose on the morning after she heard the disturbance in the lower part of the house, and of the day she saw this dead man in the cistern, she saw a large quantity of blood upon the wall about the lower entry-way of the house, and saw the colored man, Henry, in the act of cleaning it off with soap and water; deponent further says that she spoke to the colored man, Henry, about scouring the walls, and that he told her to mind her own business; deponent adds, that in about four weeks after she had left the house she was arrested by officer James E. Duffy, on charge of stealing some articles from said Willis, and also that deponent's sister was arrested on the same charge with deponent; deponent says that she was most anxious to report the fact of seeing this dead man in the cistern, but her sister would not let her, but told her if she did it would be just such a case as Dr. Burdell's was; that she would be locked up as a witness or get herself in some difficulty about it. Deponent further says that the policeman (Duffy) saw her several times before he arrested her on the false charge of larceny, and pretended he wanted to hire her to live with him. Deponent adds that, after her arrest, Willis came to the police office and told deponent that if she said nothing about his house that the charge would go easy with her, and



that there would be no further trouble about the matter, or words to that effect. Deponent further says that the said Willis keeps a gambling house at the above house and street, where various and different persons come together for gambling purposes, and further deponent saith not.

Signed, *CATHARINE M. MULHEARN.*  
Sworn to before me this 19th day of October, 1858.  
MICHAEL CONNOLLY, Police Justice.

This affidavit was made by Catharine Mulhearn, after informing her keepers of the circumstance, and upon the strength of it a warrant was issued by Justice Connolly for the arrest of Willis. Accordingly at a late hour on Tuesday night the magistrate, in company with a posse of policemen from the First District Police Court, Captain Walling of the detective force, and Captain Turnbull of the Eighth precinct, made a descent upon the premises at the above number in Broadway. On entering the second story, rear parlor, several men were found seated about a table playing "faro." The judge immediately announced in a loud voice, "Gentlemen, you are all my prisoners," and at the same time the officers closed and guarded the doors so that none could escape. The consternation amongst the terror-stricken gamblers at that moment was very great, and each one looked round and about him to see if there was no chance of escaping; but they were doomed to be disappointed. The magistrate and officers gathered up the checks, money, cards and other "faro" paraphernalia which were on the table at the time of the surprise. At that moment a man, apparently the dealer of the game, was observed to lock a closet door and put the key in his pocket. The magistrate at once demanded that the aforesaid closet door be opened forthwith, and asked for the key, which was refused him; but as the officers were about to force the door it was opened to save trouble.

In this closet the officers found several check boxes, a pair of peculiarly constructed shears, and other gambling apparatus. Only the small sum of fifty-one dollars was found on the faro table at the time of the descent. The persons and other seizures were taken to the Eighth ward station-house, where the parties arrested gave their names as Edward Ingersoll, better known as the "long Doctor," Warren Williams, George Gale, Joseph Rachel, Henry Rice, James Stevens, William Andrews, James Jennings, Charles Schoolcraft, and Henry Clark, colored, who tended the door.

Willis was arrested on the following day, and committed to the Tombs, and the premises No. 581 Broadway were taken possession of by a squad of police. The ground floor is occupied by a dry goods store, and the first story by the gambling rooms in which the arrest took place. A passage communicates with a yard at the back of the building, in which the cistern alluded to in Catharine Mulhearn's statement was found. Leading from this yard an alley exists, communicating with a vacant lot on Mercer street. A board fence encloses this lot, and two boards, evidently quite recently put in, were found in the fence by the officers. It was through this lot that the officers first gained entrance to the house.

The cistern was uncovered on the 21st October, and emptied of its contents. It was found that it had been used as a cesspool and several hundredweights of coal ashes and other refuse were scooped out, and examined in the hope of finding some relic of the body supposed to have been thrown in. The boards by the side of the cistern were bespattered with blood. Despite the scrubbing which the wall in the passage had received, large stains of blood were still distinct, and it was found, in removing part of the floor, that it had flowed to some depth. The alleged cause of this bespattering with blood—the slitting of a dog's ears—was pronounced utterly unworthy of credence by all who saw the spot; and the supposition is that the body of the unknown man was removed from the cistern on the night of Monday, September 20th, and carried away across the vacant lot bordering on Mercer street.

Up to the period of our going to press no positive traces of the murdered man have been discovered, nor has the name of any missing individual been brought forward save that of an officer of the Swedish navy, who recently disappeared from the St. Nicholas Hotel, but his disappearance did not take place until after the date given by Catharine Mulhearn. It is hoped that Clark, the colored doorkeeper, will be induced to confess what he knows of the matter. Willis is retained under arrest, but the other gamblers have either been enlarged on bail or permitted to be at liberty on their parole of honor, and under surveillance of the police. Willis is said by those who know him to be a most desperate character.

(Written expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

## THE BEAUTIFUL VAGRANT:

### A TALE OF LIFE'S CHANCES AND CHANGES.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

George was right. In a few moments the man returned, leading Mary by the hand. He walked straight up to me, and began the conversation.

"I think you came here, sir," said he, "with a good motive."

"I certainly did," I replied.

"Mary," said he, looking down upon the child, with something like emotion in his countenance, "would you like to go with this gentleman?"

Mary's beautiful eyes were brimful of tears when she turned them up to mine, and as she could not speak, she simply bowed, as if to answer in the affirmative.

"You may go now, Mary," said her father, and the child went sobbing back into the room where lay the corpse of her mother.

"The sooner she gets away the better," said the man, as if speaking to himself; then he turned to me, and said,

"She's the only thing in this world I care for, sir, but I can't take care of her now her mother's gone. You may take her, and I thought I saw in his fiery eye something that glittered very like a tear."

"But," said I, "if I take her, you must give her to me entirely, and relinquish all claim to her. You are not her own father, I take it?"

"Who told you that?" he hastily interrupted.

"Your wife said so with her dying breath," I said, solemnly.

Very much excited, he exclaimed,

"Damn the woman! she lied!"

Shocked and disgusted, I said not a word; and, evidently making a strong effort to control his passion, he continued:

"She has done nothing but thwart me all my life. What else did she tell you? I want to know exactly what she said. She often wandered in her mind."

I repeated to him the words "She is not ours," which was all her failing breath had enabled her to utter.

"Her mind was wandering," said he; "you needn't give it another thought. Mary is mine, and, as I said before, she's the only thing I value in the world. But you shall have her, have her entirely; you can take better care of her than I can."

"Will you relinquish all claim to her, and give it to me in writing?" said I.

"No, sir; I'll not write a word, nor sign any writing!" he exclaimed; "if my word—in short, you may take her or leave her just as you please; but not a stroke of writing do you get from me!" and, much excited, he began walking backwards and forwards with rapid strides.

I was determined to have the child at any rate, so I said no more, and soon the man returned to me in a calmer mood.

"You'll have to start soon," said he, "if you want to take to-day's cars."

"I do want to take to-day's cars," I replied, "so I'll thank you to get Mary ready."

"That can be done very speedily," said he; "there'll not be much trouble about her packing," and he left the room hastily.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Harry when the man was out of hearing; "I do believe, after all, we'll get out of the giant's castle without even a scratch to show that we have been there."

"You ain't out yet, Mass' Harry," said George; "but still I don't think there'll be any trouble."

Our conversation was here interrupted by a noise proceeding from the opposite room. We listened, and heard the sobs of little Mary, and the low earnest tones of her father's voice, and presently he came to the door and beckoned me out. I followed him into the room in which the corpse lay, and there I saw poor little Mary with her cheek upon the cold forehead of her dead mother, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Speak to her," whispered her father to me.

I went up to her, and took the left hand, which lay passively by her side—the other was round her mother's neck.

"Mary," said I, "this does no good, and you only distress us, and make yourself sick. Your mother would not approve of your crying so."

She raised her head, and came towards me, and as I stooped over towards her, she hid her face in my bosom, and continued to weep for awhile, though she grew calmer every moment.

At length I said, "Mary, your father has given you to me; will you be a good girl and do as I desire?"

Not being able to speak she nodded her head.

"Then, Mary," said I, "get your things together and go with us, for we must make haste to reach the cars."

She looked at me timidly, and said, "I don't want to go till I see what they do with—with—" And her voice faltered, and it was evident that she was struggling hard to prevent a fresh burst of tears.

"I understand," said I; "but what can you do? I dare say your father will have your mother decently buried."

"I will, Mary," said he, in a softer tone than I had yet heard him use, and drawing her to the window, he showed her where his companions, aided by the negro woman, were at work digging a grave beneath a live oak tree.

"She shall be buried there, Mary," said he, "and I will put a paling round it to keep off the cattle. She will lie safely and quietly there, though I shall be far enough away by this time to-morrow; we will bury her to-night, put the paling round, Mary, and then start off."

I looked at the man with astonishment, for there seemed to be deep feeling in his countenance and in the tones of his voice, and I had thought him an unmitigated brute. Mary also appeared to put faith in his sincerity of purpose.

"And, Mary," I continued, "one of these days we will come here together and place a stone upon her grave."

She looked first at one and then at the other of us, but her heart was too full for words. She then quietly went into another room and soon returned, dressed in a clean but coarse calico frock, and bearing in her hand a small bundle containing her scanty wardrobe.

"Are you ready, Mary?" said I.

She hesitated, then going to her father, she said, "When they put rosy Willie in the ground they said prayers; will you say prayers for mother?"

"I can't manage that, Mary," replied her father; "I would if I could."

Mary looked distressed. I took from my pocket the little prayer-book I always carried about me, and said, "Would you like me to read prayers over your mother now, Mary, before we go?"

"Oh, sir, if you would!" was all the quivering lips of the child could say.

"Would you like it, sir?" said I, turning to the father.

"Yes, sir, I would indeed," he answered, solemnly.

To my surprise, he called in his companions from the yard, and when I had called mine we made quite a little company; and a more decorous and attentive audience were never gathered together. I read the solemn and beautiful burial service, and when I had finished, Mary came calmly to my side, put one of her hands into mine, and looked up into my face, saying, "I am ready, sir."

The parting from her father was really quite affecting. He wept as only strong men weep, pressed her repeatedly to his bosom, and then resigned her to me without a word. In a few moments she was trudging by my side, as we walked with necessary haste to be in time for the cars. We had not proceeded far before we heard some one calling, and turning round, saw the negro woman running to meet us.

"Here, honey," said she, to Mary, as she came up to us, all out of breath, "here's a pone I's brang you; don't forget de ole 'oman!" The poor creature had brought a cake of corn bread, or hoe cake, nice and hot, which Mary ate with great appetite as we walked along.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

As the Wilmington boat neared the Charleston wharf, our little party, congratulating themselves and each other on their safe arrival, were standing all ready to step ashore. Mary held my hand and gazed eagerly about, though a certain air of sadness yet pervaded her wonderfully beautiful features. Poorly clad as she was, there was still about her a decided air of gentility, and she attracted, without seeming aware of it, the notice and admiration of all who beheld her.

George stood a little behind the others gazing intently upon the crowd which always collects upon the wharves upon any arrival.

"Why, if there aint dah Harry!" he at length suddenly exclaimed.

"Who is dah Harry?" I inquired.

"Old massa's coachman, sir," said George, touching his hat. "I s'pose," continued he, "he's brought the carriage down to carry them to the plantation. Why, holla, Jupe! that you?"

"Dah me for true!" exclaimed the juvenile individual whom George had addressed as Jupe, and who proved to be General Worthington's little mulatto footman. He had sprung into the boat the moment she touched the wharf. Jupe then addressed a few words in a low tone to George, who immediately advanced to me, and said, "Old massa has sent the carriage for you, sir, and begs you will all go to the Mills House, if you haven't made other arrangements."

"That is where I intended to go to, George," said I; "the old gentleman is really very kind, though." George touched his hat, and busied himself in picking up his overcoats, umbrellas and other loose articles, with some of which he loaded Jupe, and ordered him to take them to the carriage. We were soon at the Mills House, where we found the gallant and venerable old general standing on the steps ready to receive us. By his side stood Horace and Charley Maxwell.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

Our greetings and congratulations over, we were about proceeding to the clerk's desk to procure rooms when I felt Mary's grasp tighten on my hand, and that she clung to me more closely than ever. I turned round to ascertain the cause, and there saw old mom Dido who was trying to coax her away. When she saw that my attention was excited she dropped one of her profound courtesies, and said, "I'll tek de chile, massa, an' keep um wid my two chillun; come, honey, come wid me."

"Come, little girl!" exclaimed a childish voice, which I discovered to proceed from the first platform of the staircase, and there I saw three little heads with bright eyes peeping down upon us—two of the heads belonging to the two little girls I had seen in the cars, while the third was queer-looking enough. The hair was short and stuck off in every direction, though great efforts in the way of bands and combs had been made to reduce it to some degree of smoothness. It was her voice which I had heard encouraging Mary to submit herself to the maternal care of good old Dido.

Not exactly knowing what to do with my protégé, I gave my vote in Dido's favor, and Mary, after one or two searching looks into Dido's face, appeared satisfied with her physiognomy; and reaching up to kiss me for a short good-bye, she trotted off to join the other children. At the same moment I heard a merry laugh from the door of the bar-room, and there saw Harry, Horace and Charley gazing at me with quizzical faces, and when I joined them they called me nothing but "Papa Richard!"

#### CHAPTER XIX.

It was race week in Charleston, the gayest week of all the year. We considered ourselves fortunate to be there at that time, for then people are brought together from all parts of the State, and one sees more of real life in Carolina than he would in fifty ordinary weeks.

One of Ned's horses was to run for the prize, and this, of course, created great interest and excitement among all the members of our party. Ned, it will be remembered, was the sour man's stepson. The queer-looking girl—she of the uncombed hair—was own daughter to the sour man, and her mother and Ned's still lived in the person of a pale, meek-looking invalid, who never stirred from home. The daughter's name was Bettie, and let no prejudice arise in your mind against her, dear reader, on account of her paternity, for she was as different from her father as day from night. She was all life, all impulse, generous and kind in her way, but a perfect oddity.

Two or three carriages stood at the door of the Mills House, to convey our large party to the races—for in Charleston, where so much of the old chivalric spirit really remains, it is not considered indecorous for ladies to witness these amusements. My little Mary insisted upon riding with me. Bettie insisted upon riding with Mary, Ned insisted upon riding with Bettie, and so those three were my companions. Mary had been newly rigged from head to foot by the united exertions of Dora, the pale governess, Bettie, Ned and myself, not forgetting old mom Dido, who had no inconsiderable part in the matter. In my mind's eye I have her now before me as she sat demurely by my side, looking archly up into my face whenever Bettie and Ned got into a little quarrel, which they were eternally doing, and making up again. Mary and Bettie had struck up a wonderful friendship.

"If Lady Bettie wins to-day," said Ned, "I mean to give her away."

"That's queer," said Mary; "I should be more apt to give her away if she didn't win."

"Oh, no," replied the boy, "she wouldn't be worth giving then to the person for whom I intend her."

"That's me!" interrupted Bettie.

"You're mistaken for once in your life," said Ned.

"If you dare to give her to anybody but me!" said Bettie, with a quick toss of her head which sent her bonnet off backwards, together with a silk netting which had been employed to keep down her refractory hair.

"There now!" exclaimed Mary, almost crying, "what will Miss Dora and mom Bettie say? After all their trouble, you'll look like a fright by the time you get there! And they told me to make you keep your hat on! Oh, dear, do let me fix you up again!"

"I'd like to know who'd know Bettie if she didn't look like a fright!" said Ned.

"Now, Ned, I'm not so ugly, after all," sobbed Bettie, who, to add to her beauty, was now crying.

"Hush, Bettie, don't cry, there's a good girl," said Ned, "you can't help it; and besides, you ain't ugly to me."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Mary; "I heard Miss Dora tell mom Dido that she wouldn't wonder if Bettie were to grow up prettier than me."

"Did she say that?" asked Bettie, anxiously, looking up through her tears, and I then discovered that the child had really beautiful eyes. "Do you hear, Ned?" she continued; "do you hear that?"

"Yes, I hear it," said Ned; but then, after looking earnestly at each of the little girls, he shook his head slowly from side to side.

Bettie pushed the obstinate hair away from her eyes, and gazed at Ned.

"Ah, I know," said she, "you think that can never be; but if I'm only half as pretty I'll be satisfied."

"I'd give all my beauty, Bettie," said Mary, "to be as good and as—as—I don't know what, as you are."

"I know what you mean," exclaimed Ned, "you mean as original. I heard Miss Dora say Bettie was the greatest original she ever saw. I don't exactly know what it means, though; but it was something good."

They were about appealing to me for a definition of the term, when the carriage entered the gate of the race-ground, and our conversation came suddenly to an end.

(To be continued.)

**Woman's Width, Wisdom!**—A gentleman of the medical profession has written an admirable defence of the use of hoops, to which he was prompted by the rumor that Fashion, ever fickle, was likely to extinguish them in toto. He says:

"The hooped skirt is one of the few, the very few things which fashion has offered to woman, that has not entailed upon her a curse; and it is the only one that strews her path with naught but blessings. And for these reasons, as an American citizen, as a medical man, and as a lover of our race, we take advantage of our position to call upon our countrywomen, wherever our voice may reach them, and to tell them never to give up hoops."

"The inventor of them deserves a monument more durable than brass, and richer than gold. Crinolines should become a fixed American institution, and its perpetuity should be added as an amendment to the Constitution. Hoops are the greatest discovery of all times."

"As a medical man, we assert that the hooped skirt is a gift which fashion has made to woman, the every tendency of which is to the promotion of her comfort, her health, and consequently her happiness; and, as a consequence, of the happiness and physical and moral exaltation of man; and every scientific physician or learned physiologist will sustain the assertion."

"Can the Atlantic Telegraph accomplish these wonderful and most desirable ends? Because it cannot, it sinks to insignificance by the side of the invention of hoops."

"But besides the great moral influences of hoops, we are an advocate of them on account of the comfort they afford, and the grace they impart to the female form. But we hear a very inquisitive lady say, How do you know, sir, that they are comfortable, did you ever wear one? No, madame, we never did, but we hope to have some one to wear them for us, and we know one who looks most gloriously graceful and ravishingly beautiful encircled in her hoops. And when we look upon her, or think about her, we feel that we need hoops to keep our leaping heart from breaking through its prison bounds. Now, ladies, after we have said so much in feeble advocacy of your greatest institution, we have one request to make—don't spread yourselves too extensively!"

**A King's Creed.**—The old King of Wurtemberg, says a correspondent, has been fully apprised of the origin of the false rumor as to his change of creed. It is traced to a connection, no secret for years, with a lady no longer young, Frau Stubenrauch, whose influence is supposed to have already obtained from the aged monarch a sort of concordat, almost as objectionable to his subjects as the Austrian humiliation.

**Madame Pelissier.**—A letter from Paris says of the future Duchess of Malakoff: "I saw the destined bride of Marshal Pelissier, last evening, at the Theatre Français, when she appeared to enjoy vastly M. Legouvé's version of 'Edipus.' She is really a very charming person, and will make an excellent ambassadress, if the Marshal could be persuaded to retain his post in London."

**Another Nobility.**—There is a great talk in Paris of the creation of five hundred barons, who are to form the nucleus of a new noblesse to surround and support the throne. The report has given rise to that of another—that of the intended coronation of the Emperor at Notre Dame, like the great Napoleon, in the month of January next.



## TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy.....17 weeks.....\$1  
 One do.....1 year.....\$3  
 Two do.....1 year.....\$5  
 Or one Copy.....2 years.....\$8  
 Three copies.....1 year.....\$3  
 Five do.....1 year.....\$10  
 And an extra copy to the person sending a club of Five  
 Every additional subscription \$2.  
 OFFICE 13 FRANKFORT STREET, NEW YORK.

## NEW BOOKS.

GLEASON'S  
NEW WEEKLY  
LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.

THE object of this paper is to present, every week, an agreeable *melange* of the notable events and literature of the time. Its ample columns will always contain a goodly store of popular Original Tales, Sketches of Adventure on Sea and Land, and Poetic Gems, by the

## BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS.

Also the cream of domestic and foreign news, so condensed as to present the largest possible amount of the intelligence of the day; the whole well spiced with

## WIT AND HUMOR.

In politics, and upon all sectarian questions, it will be strictly neutral. Each edition will be

## BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

with accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and the national customs and social peculiarities of every people. It will contain views of every important City, of edifices of note in the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, of all the principal ships and steamers of the Navy and Merchant Service; with fine, accurate portraits of every great public character, male and female. Sketches of picturesque scenery, representations of "life on the waves," and exact illustrations of admirable or curious specimens from the animal kingdom will also be given. One great feature of

## GLEASON'S

## LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP

will consist of a "broadside" of Humorous engravings, executed by the best artists in that line, and aimed good-naturedly and in a spirit of genial fun, at the reigning follies of the age and such new public projects, fashions and occurrences as shall seem to be fit subjects for comic illustration.

AN UNRIVALLED CORPS OF CONTRIBUTORS have been engaged, and every department will be conducted under the most efficient and perfect system that experience can suggest. This popular journal will be printed upon fine satin surface paper, from new and beautiful copper-faced type manufactured expressly for us, and will present in its mechanical execution the most acceptable evidence of the progress of American skill. The size of this elegant specimen of art will be about 1,500 square inches—eight super-royal quarto pages.

## TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

The first number of this new Illustrated Paper will be for sale on the 1st day of November next, at all the principal periodical and news agencies and respectable literary Depots in the United States and the Canadas.

## GLEASON'S LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP

will be published regularly every Saturday by  
 F. GLEASON, Boston, Mass.  
 S. FRENCH, Wholesale Agent,  
 151-2 122 Nassau street, New York.

TICKNOR & FIELDS  
ANNOUNCE AS NOW READY.

20th Thousand,  
 THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH, AND OTHER POEMS. A New Volume, by H. W. Longfellow. 1 vol., 18mo. 75 cts.  
 24th Thousand,  
 A JOURNEY DUE NORTH. By George Augustus Sala. 1 vol., 16mo. \$1.  
 3d Thousand,  
 SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS TIMES, WITH OTHER PAPERS, BY CHARLES KINGSLEY. Edited by himself. 1 vol., 12mo. \$1.25.  
 3d Thousand,  
 THE AGE—A COLLOQUIAL SATIRE—AND OTHER NEW POEMS. By the Author of "Festus." 1 vol., 16mo. 75 cts.  
 2d Edition,  
 ROBERTSON'S SERMONS. 3d Series, with fine Portrait. 1 vol., 12mo. \$1.  
 3d Edition,  
 LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON, Railway Engineer. By Samuel Smiles. 1 vol., 12mo. \$1.25.  
 6th Edition,  
 TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS AT ROUGBY. 1 vol., 16mo. \$1.  
 3d Thousand,  
 TRELLAWNEY'S RECOLLECTIONS OF SHIRLEY AND BYRON. 1 vol., 16mo. 75 cts.  
 2d Edition,  
 RAN AWAY TO SEA. By Mayne Reid. 1 vol., 16mo. 75c.  
 6th Edition,  
 WHITE LIE.—By Charles Reade. 1 vol., 16mo. \$1.25.  
 2d Edition,  
 CHARLES KINGSLEY'S ANDROMEDA AND OTHER POEMS. 1 vol., 16mo. 50 cts.  
 2d Edition,  
 PARTHENIA. By Mrs. Lee. 1 vol., 16mo. \$1.  
 3d Edition,  
 DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIT. 1 vol., 16mo. 75 cts.  
 ILLUSTRATED HOUSEHOLD WAXERLEY NOVELS—THE TALESMAN. 2 vols. \$1.50.  
 Any of the above will be sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of price named. 152

## LONGFELLOW'S NEW VOLUME.

## TICKNOR &amp; FIELDS

Now announce as ready and for sale throughout the Union,

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH, AND OTHER POEMS.

A New Volume. By H. W. LONGFELLOW. 1 vol., 18mo. 75 cts.

The longest Poem, which gives the title to the book, is a love story of the early Pilgrim days, and is nearly as long as "Evangeline." The heroine of the Tale is the beautiful Puritan maiden, Priscilla, whose name has become historical as one of the first of those heroic women who landed at Plymouth. 150-152

## The best Family Paper published is

## LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

A Weekly Pictorial, designed to encourage a spirit of HOPE, MANLINESS, SELF-RELIANCE and ACTIVITY among the people; to illustrate Life in all its phases, and ought to be read by every Family.

Its illustrations are beautiful—its Editorials based on common sense—its Selections made with the greatest care. The Press throughout the entire country unite in its praises.

Published weekly, at \$2 a year, or ten copies for \$10, by  
 FOWLER & WELLS,  
 151-152 No. 505 Broadway, New York.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

## DR. O. PHELPS BROWN,

THE GREAT CURE OF CONSUMPTION, was for several years so badly afflicted by Dyspepsia that for a part of the time he was confined to his bed. He was eventually cured by a prescription furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl. This prescription, given him by a mere child while in a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed once. It is equally as sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia.

An engraving is here given of the principal herb employed in this medicine, and all of the ingredients are to be found in any drug store. I will send this valuable prescription to any person on the receipt of one stamp to pay postage. Address  
 DR. O. PHELPS BROWN,  
 151-152 No. 21 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J.

## ATLANTIC ROYAL MAIL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S New York and Galway line.

STEAM TO ALL PARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN VIA GALWAY, IRELAND.

The shortest sea passage between America and Europe. NEW YORK AND GALWAY STEAMSHIP LINE.

This line is composed of powerful and fast sailing steamships, ably officered, and furnished with everything requisite to render the voyage safe and agreeable. The departures from New York for Galway will be as follows until further notice, viz.:

PACIFIC, W. C. Thompson... Tuesday, Nov. 2.  
 Persons visiting Ireland reach their destination in three-fourths the time taken by any other route, and all have an opportunity of visiting places and scenery of unrivalled interest in Ireland.

Price of passage, including free tickets by the usual railroad routes, from Galway to any of the principal cities of Great Britain at the following greatly reduced rates: First-class, \$90; second-class, \$60; third-class, \$30.

Those wishing to bring out their friends can purchase tickets for their passage in third-class from Galway, at \$30, or from other cities in Great Britain accessible by railroad, at \$35. A liberal cabin table will be provided, and cooked provisions for third-class passengers to and from Galway.

Third-class passengers to furnish their own bed and bedding, quart pot, water can, knife, fork, spoon and tin plate. For freight and passage, and further particulars, apply to the undersigned, at their offices, Nos. 61 Hudson street, corner of Jay, and 64 Broadway. Application for freight and passage may also be made at any of the offices of the company on the express routes.

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO., Consignees.  
 EX. HOLLAND, Manager.  
 New York, N. Y., 30, 1858.

## SPORTSMEN'S DEPOT.

ALFRED WOODHAM,  
 IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF  
 GUNS, PISTOLS, FISHING TACKLE  
 And Sporting Implements of every kind,  
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
 160 Fulton street, New York.

Depot for EDGE'S PREMIUM FIREWORKS. Guns on hire by the day or week.

## LADIES WISHING TO LEARN TO SING.

MRS. E. LODER, whose successful system of Vocal Instruction has been increasing in popularity during the past sixteen years, will commence her regular season of instruction on Thursday, Sept. 30th. She will attend pupils at their residence, or receive them at home. Mrs. Loder's numerous pupils among the elite of New York society attest to the thorough, rapid and brilliant system of instruction. For terms apply at her residence, 147 FOURTH AVENUE, near Fourteenth street.

## FREDRICKS' TEMPLE OF ART.

HALLOTYPES,  
 PHOTOGRAPHES,  
 DAGUERREOTYPES,  
 AMBROTTYPES,  
 536 & 537 Broadway, OPPOSITE METROPOLITAN HOTEL.

## JAMES BUTLER,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN BRANDIES, WINES, LIQUORS, &c., corner of Greenwich and Duane streets, New York. 000

## SALERATUS.—Those who want perfectly

wholesome Saleratus, will inquire for that manufactured by the undersigned, which cannot be excelled in strength and purity, as we guarantee it to be free from any trace of deleterious matter. For sale to the trade by  
 JOHN DWIGHT & CO., No. 11 Old Slip. 158-159

## A RARE CHANCE FOR EMPLOYMENT.

Persons requiring a light, agreeable and respectable employment, by which they can realize from \$10 to \$30 per week, will ascertain full particulars by addressing HUTCHINS & CO., Box 4551, Post-office, New York City. One postage-stamp required to prepay answers. 150-153

## CHEAP BARGAINS

IN  
 ENGLISH CARPETING  
 BY  
 HIRAM ANDERSON,  
 No. 99 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

## THE most celebrated, the largest and cheapest

Carpet Establishment in the United States,  
 \$200,000 WORTH OF  
 English Velvet, Brussels, Ingrain Carpets, Rugs, Matting and Druggets, Oilcloths, Curtains, Table and Piano Covers, all at the cheapest prices for cash. 50,000 yards of the best Carpets from  
 36 to 50 CENTS PER YARD.  
 20,000 yards of Oilcloths at  
 30, 40 and 50 CENTS PER YARD.  
 20,000 yards Brussels Carpets from  
 75 to 80 CENTS PER YARD.  
 Persons calling upon us to examine our stock will be courteously, attentively and politely received.  
 HIRAM ANDERSON,  
 No. 99 Bowery, New York. 151-154

## PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR.

which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivalled as a dressing for the Hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days. See advertisement. 151-154

## TIFFANY &amp; CO.,

TIFFANY, YOUNG & ELLER.  
 Fine Jewelry, Precious Stones, Watches, Silver Ware, Bronzes, Clocks, Rich Porcelain Articles of Art and Luxury.  
 No. 350 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.  
 HOUSE IN PASS, TIFFANY, REED & CO.

## TATTING.—The most useful and durable Trimming

ever invented, for Skirts, Pantalottes, &c., TAUGHT BY MRS. PULLAN AND MISS HATTON. Also Crochet, Netting, Knitting, Embroidery and Point Lace. Materials for any sort of fancy work selected and sent to any part of the States, by MRS. PULLAN.

EDITRESS OF THE WORKTABLE OF FRANK LESLIE'S MAGAZINE, and of all the leading English Periodicals.

Mrs. PULLAN, in reply to numerous inquiries, informs her readers that all her cotton designs are worked exclusively with the manufactures of Messrs. WALTER EVANS & CO.'s Boar's Head Cotton Manufacturers of Derby, England. They consist of Evans's Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, for Crochet and Sewing; Colored Crochet Cotton, warranted to wash; Patent Glass Thread, for machine work; Royal Embroidery, French Embroidery, Tatting, Knitting (colored and white); Mecklenburg and Moravian Threads.

## ALL THE BACK NUMBERS OF LESLIE'S

NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE, from the commencement, can be had at the Office, 13 FRANKFORT STREET, or from any News Agent.

## \$950 A YEAR!!

CAN BE MADE BY!!  
 PEDLARS, YOUNG MEN, TRAVELLING AGENTS AND MERCHANTS!  
 WE manufacture an article which is small, light and easily carried. All that is required to sell it is to show it. Pedlars, Book Agents, and all others whose business requires them to travel can do well at this article, as it takes but little room, does not interfere with other goods or business, and sells readily to every family and merchants.

Any person sending us 25 cents or eight three cent stamps, which is to pay the postage on the article, will receive a sample and all necessary information. Our Agents are making from four to six dollars a day profit.

This is no humbug, lottery or catch-penny speculation. Address  
 VAN DEUSEN BROTHERS,  
 151 Kingston, Ulster Co., N. Y.

## ELECTION NOTICE.

STATE OF NEW YORK,  
 OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,  
 ALBANY, August 2, 1858.

To the Sheriff of the County of New York:

SIR—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT

at the General Election, to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Governor, in the place of John A. King;

A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Henry R. Selden;

A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Samuel B. Ruggles, appointed in place of Samuel S. Whallon, deceased;

An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of William A. Russell;

All whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District, composed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth Wards in the City of New York;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Fourth Congressional District, composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Fourteenth Wards in the City of New York;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Fifth Congressional District, composed of the Seventh and Thirteenth Wards in the City of New York, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Wards of Brooklyn;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Sixth Congressional District, composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeenth Wards in the City of New York;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Seventh Congressional District, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth and Twentieth Wards in the City of New York.

And also, a Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Eighth Congressional District, composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-first and Twenty-second Wards in the City of New York.

COUNTY OFFICERS ALSO TO BE ELECTED FOR SAID COUNTY

Seventeen Members of Assembly;

A Sheriff, in the place of James C. Willett;

A County Clerk in the place of Richard C. Connolly;

Four Coroners in the place of Frederick W. Perry, Edward D. Connerly, Robert Gamble and Samuel C. Hills;

All of whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Canvassers is directed to Chap. 320 of Laws of 1858, a copy of which is printed herewith, for instructions in regard to their duties under said law, "submitting the question of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same to the people of the State."

CHAP. 320

AN ACT to submit the question of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same, to the people of the State:

Passed April 17, 1858—three-fifths being present.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. The inspectors of election in each town, ward and election district in this State, at the annual election to be held in November next, shall provide a proper box to receive the ballots of the citizens of this State entitled to vote for members of the Legislature at such election. On such ballot shall be written or printed, or partly written or printed, by those voters who are in favor of a Convention: "Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same? Yes." And by those voters who are opposed thereto, the words: "Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same? No."

And all citizens entitled to vote as aforesaid shall be allowed to vote by ballot as aforesaid, in the election district in which he resides, and not elsewhere.

§ 2. So much of articles one, two and three, of title four, of chapter one hundred and thirty, of an act entitled, "An act respecting elections other than for militia and town officers," passed April fifth, eighteen hundred and forty-two, and the acts amending the same, as regulates the manner of conducting elections and challenges, oaths to be administered, and inquiries to be made, of persons offering to vote, shall be deemed applicable to the votes to be given or offered under this act; and the manner of voting and challenges, and the penalties for false swearing, prescribed by law, are hereby declared in full force and effect in voting or offering to vote under this act.

§ 3. The said votes given for and against a convention, in pursuance of this act, shall be canvassed by the inspectors of the several election districts or polls of the said election in the manner prescribed by law, and as provided in article four, of title four, of chapter one hundred and thirty of the said act, passed April fifth, eighteen hundred and forty-two, and the acts amending the same, as far as the same are applicable; and such canvass shall be completed by ascertaining the whole number of votes given in each election district or poll for a convention, and the whole number of votes given against such convention, in the form aforesaid; and the result being found, the inspectors shall make a statement in words, at full length, of the number of ballots received in relation to such convention, and shall also state in words, at full length, the whole number of ballots having thereon the words, "Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same? Yes." And also the whole number of ballots having thereon the words, "Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same? No." Such statements as aforesaid shall contain a caption, stating the day on which, and the number of the district, the town or ward, and the county at which the election was held, and at the end thereof a certificate that such statement is correct in all respects, which certificate shall be subscribed by all the inspectors, and a true copy of such statement shall be immediately filed by them in the office of the clerk of the town or city.

§ 4. The original statements, duly certified as aforesaid, shall be delivered by the inspectors, or one of them to be deputed for that purpose, to the supervisor; in case there be no supervisor, or he shall be disabled from attending the board of canvassers, then to one of the assessors of the town or ward, within twenty-four hours after the same shall have been subscribed by such inspectors, to be disposed of as other statements at such election are now required by law.

§ 5. So much of articles first, second, third and fourth, of title fifth, of chapter one hundred and thirty of the act entitled "An act respecting elections other than for militia and town officers" and the acts amending the same, as regulates the duties of County Canvassers and their proceedings, and the duty of County Clerks, and the Secretary of State, and the Board of State Canvassers, shall be applied to the canvassing and ascertaining the will of the people of this State in relation to the proposed convention; and if it shall appear that a majority of the votes or ballots given in and returned as aforesaid are against a convention, then the said canvassers are required to certify and declare that fact by a certificate, subscribed by them, and filed by the Secretary of State; but if it shall appear by the said canvass that a majority of the ballots or votes given as aforesaid, are for a convention, then they shall, by like certificate, to be filed as aforesaid, declare that fact; and the said Secretary shall communicate a copy of such certificate to both branches of the Legislature, at the opening of the next session thereof. Yours, respectfully,

GIDEON J. TUCKER, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,  
 NEW YORK, August 4, 1858.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET,  
 Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See revised Stat. vol. 1, chap. 6, title 8, article 14, part 1st, page 140.

## THE OLD STAR HOTEL,

60 & 62 LISPENARD STREET,  
 JOHN IRVING,  
 Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Omaha, Mo. Also, &c.

## R. R. R.

R. R. R.—Radway's Ready Relief for Headaches, whether sick or nervous; Rheumatism, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Influenza, Bloody Flux, Paralysis, Lumbago, Gout, Neuralgia, Toothache, Small Pox, Fevers, Swollen Joints, Kidney Complaints, Scarlet Fever, Pains around the Liver, Pleurisy, Measles, Heartburn, and pains of all kinds. Radway's Ready Relief will, in a few minutes, change the miseries you suffer to joys of pleasure.

R. R. R.—Radway's Renovating Resolvent, for the cure of chronic diseases—such as Scrofulous and Syphilitic complaints, Consumptive and other affections of the Lungs and Throat, Induration and Enlargements of parts, Eruptive and other diseases of the Skin, Nodes, Tumors, Ulcers, Dyspepsia, and all other diseases arising from an impure state of the blood.

R. R. R.—Radway's Regulators will cure, effectively and speedily, Costiveness, Indigestion, Painter's Cholera, Lead Diseases, Inflammation of the Bowels, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Diseases of the Heart and Kidneys, Female Complaints, Small Pox, Fevers, Measles, &c., &c. Whenever the system is out of order, or the blood impure, a dose of Radway's Regulators will restore it to regularity, and purify and cleanse the blood. No female should be without them.

R. R. R. Remedies are sold by Druggists and Merchants everywhere.

RADWAY & CO.,  
 162 Fulton street, New York City.

## GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP

It is well known, cures TAN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, SALT RHEUM, BARBER'S ITCH, CHAPS, CHAFES, TENDER FLESH, &c., besides being the very best shaving compound ever invented. GOURAUD'S POUDEUR SUBTILE uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lip, or any part of the body, safely and quickly—warranted. LIQUID ROUGE, for pale lips and cheeks. LILY WHITE, for flushed, red and heated faces. HAIR DYE instantly converts red, gray or light hair to a beautiful black or brown, without staining the skin. HAIR RESTORATIVE for the hair to grow, and make stiff, wiry hair soft, glossy and silky. Found at Dr. GOURAUD'S old established Depot, No. 67 WALKER STREET, first store from Broadway; Mrs. HAYES, Brooklyn; CALLEN, Philadelphia; BATES, No. 129 Washington street, Boston; IVES, Salem; GREEN, Worcester; and druggists generally.

## THE HUMAN HAIR.—How many persons

abuse this delicate and beautiful ornament by burning it with alcoholic washes and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for the skin and is not absorbed. BURNETT'S COCOAINE, a compound of Coconut Oil, &c., is unrivalled as a dressing for the hair—it is readily absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off, and promoting its healthy growth. See advertisement. 151-154

## AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS!

Prof. HAYES, State Chemist, of Massachusetts, says they are the best of all pills, and annexed are the men who certify that Dr. Hayes knows:

H. J. GARDNER, Governor of Massachusetts.

EMORY WASHBURN, Ex-Governor of Massachusetts.

SIMMON BROWN, Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts.

E. M. WRIGHT, Secretary of State of Massachusetts.

JOHN B. FITSPATRICK, Catholic Bishop of Boston.

PROF. JOHN TORREY, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City.

DR. C. T. JACKSON, Geologist of the Public Lands of the United States.

Among the diseases this Pill has cured with astonishing rapidity, we may mention

Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from a foul Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, and pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Ulcerous and Cutaneous Diseases, which require an evacuant medicine, Scrofula, or King's Evil. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body, or obstructions of its functions. They are the best Purgative Medicine ever discovered, and you will but need to use them once to know it.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass., and sold by every respectable Druggist in New England and throughout the United States. 157-158

## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—FEEBLE CONSTITUTIONS.

Thousands of persons with weak constitutions die early from sheer debility. Nature should, in such cases, be assisted with Holloway's Pills. They give tone and stamina to the system, and vigor to the circulation. Sold at the manufacturers, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25c., 62½c., and \$1 per box.

## SOLUBLE GLASS, highly useful for preserving

Records and hardening Walls, Shingle Roofs, Metal Varnish and Soap Substitute; it is Fire, Water, Rust and Mildew Proof, Electrotypers' Plumbago; Aluminum, the new Silver metal; Platin; Bismuth; Cadmium; Nickel and Manganese; best Cognac Oil, Gin, Rum, Apple, Pear, Peach, Bourbon Whiskey, Essences, Asbestos, &c. For sale by Dr. L. FEUCHTWANGER, Author of the new Treatise on Fermented Liquors, and One Thousand valuable Medical Receipts, 143 Maiden Lane. 149-151

## A DELIGHTFUL SPOT.—The Atlantic Hotel,

Hoboken, now under the management of Messrs. HALL & CO., is the most eligible place within reach for New Yorkers, either to board, or to spend an hour in the shady garden.

## Prize Correspondence.

The affidavit of Mr. Wilson, given below, must silence scepticism with regard to the honesty of some lottery proprietors. This gentleman has verified the adage, "Better be born lucky than rich."

AUGUSTA, GA., Oct. 4th, 1858.

Wm. R. WILSON, Esq., No. 498 Pearl st., New York:

Dear Sir—Allow us



## LOVE AND LITERATURE IN EIGHTH STREET.



THE FAIR LIBRARIAN OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY REVERES MR. BELL'S PROFOUND DEVOTION TO LITERATURE IN THE HEAVY FOLIO LINE.



MR. BELL, AS HE APPEARS TO THE LADY OVER THE WAY.



THE LADY OVER THE WAY.

## Burnett's Cocaine.

A compound of COCOA-NUT OIL, &c., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without a rival.

It prevents the hair from falling off.  
It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.  
It is not greasy or sticky.  
It leaves no disagreeable odor.  
It softens the hair when hard and dry.  
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.  
It affords the richest lustre.  
It remains longest in effect.

It costs fifty cents for a half-pint bottle.

A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston. For sale by dealers generally. 151-154

**A WORD TO THE LADIES.**  
**THE PICCOLOMINI BUSTLE**  
ATTACHED TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL BRIDAL SKIRT.  
The greatest invention of the age for Beauty, Grace, Comfort and Durability.  
To be had at W. H. REED & CO.'S, 149-152 Manufacturers, No. 127 Duane st., N. Y.

**C. H. WOOSTER'S METROPOLITAN SEWING MACHINE.**  
THIS MACHINE is unrivalled for its strong, perfect and uniform stitch, and it is generally accorded to be the best now in use.  
PRICE, \$25.  
Call and examine at No. 535 BROADWAY, near Spring street, N. Y.

**GEORGE B. SLOAT & CO.,**  
Double and Single Thread  
**SEWING MACHINES**  
For Manufacturing and Family use.  
WE DEFY COMPETITION.  
Prices from \$15 to \$65.  
C. W. THOMAS & CO., Agents, 480 Broadway, N. Y.

**WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.**  
NEW STYLE, PRICE FIFTY DOLLARS.  
OFFICE 343 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.  
**DIAGRAM OF THE LOCK STITCH.**

This is the only stitch that cannot be unravelled, and that presents the same appearance upon each side of the seam. It is made with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric, and interlocked in the centre of it. Send for a circular.

**SINGER'S SEWING MACHINE.**—The great popularity of these machines may readily be understood when the fact is known that any good female operator can earn with one of them, ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR.  
To every tailor, seamstress, dressmaker, and each large family in the country, one of these machines would be available.  
I. M. SINGER & Co.'s Gazette, a beautiful illustrated paper, is just published. It explains all particulars about sewing machines. It will be given gratis to all who apply for it by letter or personally.  
000 I. M. SINGER & CO., 455 Broadway, New York.

**M. FINKLE'S LATEST IMPROVED SEWING MACHINES.**  
THESE MACHINES are FIRST-CLASS, particularly adapted to Family use and Business purposes—the most simple, reliable and best fitted for general use of any Machine now offered for sale. Call and examine at 421 BROADWAY, corner Canal street, New York. 149-150

**ATWATER'S PATENT \$15 AND \$25 SEWING MACHINE** received the First Premium over Singer's and Wheeler & Wilson's, at the State Fair, held at Buffalo, October 9th, 1887.  
The Cheapest and Best SEWING MACHINE in the market.  
Office, 403 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.  
Send for descriptive Circulars.  
000 H. C. BURTMAN & CO., Sole Agent for the United States.

**BRITISH COMMERCIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
LONDON AND AMERICA.  
CAPITAL, WITH ACCUMULATION, \$5,500,000.  
THIS company has been in successful operation for thirty-eight years, and has paid to the families of parties insured \$4,500,000.  
No extra charge for crossing the Atlantic.  
Half premium may remain on loan.  
Losses promptly paid.  
Application may be made by mail. Office, 65 Wall street, New York.  
150-152 GEO. M. KNEVITT, Manager for U. S.

## A FAMILY PIC-NIC.



AUGUSTUS VAN SHIRK, ESQ., TREATS HIS ARABELLA TO A SEE-SAW.



MISS CELESTINA PREFERS A SWING.



MASTER DICK AND TOM, THE PET, COME IN FOR THEIR SHARE OF THE FUN.

**ALDEN'S PREPARED CREAM COFFEE.**  
—This is a strong EXTRACT OF JAVA COFFEE (obtained without heat), combined with Sugar and Cream. It is put up in cans, in the form of a paste, by dissolving which in hot water, as directed, a cup of Coffee, sweetened and creamed, can be made ready in one minute, equal to any that can be made in any other manner, and at about the same expense.

One can, dissolved in hot water, will make from four to six quarts of highly-flavored coffee, of superior quality, at an expense less than coffee made in the ordinary way, and with much less trouble. To travellers by sea and land it is particularly recommended, and for Excursions, Picnics, and those who board or wish a cup of coffee at irregular hours. A very convenient and desirable article.

We guarantee it to be what we represent it—a PURE preparation of Java Coffee, combined with refined Sugar and Cream only.

## ALSO, ALDEN'S CLARIFIED CREAM COCOA.

This nutritious preparation is put up in the same form as the "CREAM COFFEE," and is used in the same manner. This preparation of CREAM COCOA is the result of many years' study and experiment, and we feel a perfect confidence in recommending it as superior to any other article now before the public for purity, richness of flavor, and all those essential qualities desired.

ALDEN & WOODHULL,  
113 Wall street & 35 White street.  
Sold by Grocers, Druggists and Dealers in Ship Stores generally.

**MEADE BROTHERS' OLD AND POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHIC AND DAGUERRETYPE GALLERIES,**  
235 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,  
(Four doors above Astor House, opposite Park).  
ESTABLISHED 17 YEARS.  
Pictures in every style known in the Art taken daily, from miniature to life-size.  
2,000 SPECIMENS ON VIEW.

MEADE BROTHERS are assisted by a corps of talented Artists in Oil, Pastels, Water-Colors and India Ink, who have been with them many years. Our Daguerreotypes have always been considered superior. Nine Medals awarded. 52-55

**WRIGHT & PATTERSON, GENERAL DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS ON WOOD,**  
No. 1 SPRUCE, CORNER OF NASSAU STREET (Tribune Buildings), NEW YORK,  
are ready to execute Designs and Engravings on Wood, in every variety and in the highest style of the Art. Newspaper, Book, Poster and General Business Illustrations. Terms as reasonable as any other Establishment in the country, and in all cases satisfaction will be guaranteed. 149-152

**PHELAN'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES**  
And Combination Cushions.  
Protected by letters patent, dated Feb. 19, 1856; Oct. 23, 1856; Dec. 3, 1857; Jan. 13, 1858 (two of this date). The recent improvements in these tables make them unsurpassed in the world. They are now offered to the scientific billiard-player as combining speed with truth never before obtained in any billiard table. Salesrooms, Nos. 786 and 788 Broadway. New York Manufacturing, No. 53 Ann st.

**GOUPIL & CO., PRINT PUBLISHERS AND ARTISTS' COLORMEN,**  
366 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.  
Engravings, Oil Paintings, Artists' Materials, Frames, &c. 128-179

An old toper chancing to drink, a glass of water, yesterday, for want of something stronger, smacked his lips, and turned to one of his companions, remarking, "Why, it don't taste badly. I have no doubt 'tis wholesome for females and tender children."

"Sir," said a pompous personage, who once undertook to bully an editor, "do you know that I take your paper?" "I've no doubt you take it," replied the man of the quill—"for several of my honest subscribers have been complaining lately about their papers being missing in the morning."

A FRIEND OF OURS never allows himself to use exaggerated terms of praise in speaking of anything. He says of strawberries and cream, for instance, that "they are quite eatable."

An old woman lately fell off a house in Limerick as she was sweeping the gutter. On being taken up she applied her hand to her pocket, with the romantic observation, "Musha, I wonder is my pipe broke?"

—When is a wall like a fish?—When it is scaled.